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A Tale of Lost Enthusiasms

"THE best audience in the world" was the verdict of experienced Brains Trusters after a strenuous period of answering questions at one of the Conferences organised by the Council for Education in World Citizenship at the Central Hall, Westminster, last week. The audience consisted of about 2,500 sixteen- to eighteen-year-old students from 380 schools, mostly of the Grammar School type. They had given up four days of the holidays to listen to speeches, answer questions, and try to come to conclusions on such questions as whether Britain should take a full and active part in a united Europe, how to thaw the Cold War, whether the Christian soldier is a contradiction in terms, the relevance of religion to social problems, the advantages of democracy, the limits of toleration, and the future prospects of England.

If one compares these teen-agers with pre-war generations, one gets the impression of a much greater maturity. They are extremely well educated and shrewd; they are eager; critical without cynicism; well-informed without being worldly wise, and confident but not cocksure. They have a healthy disrespect for experts, while being well aware that no good decision can be made without consulting them. They insist on challenging the intellectual authority of their elders. They form their own judgments, and express their own opinions. They are highly idealistic without being credulous or sentimental. They are notably uninterested in current party politics, doubting whether any of the present political leaders have, or can have, adequate answers. Few of them are dogmatically religious; almost all of them, the facts suggest, are interested in psychology, philosophy and ethics; and the majority are more clear-headed and long-sighted in assessing the international situation than most of their elders who are bludgeoned by the morning headlines. They do not accept the inevitability of war, which they regard as treason, but they have no illusions about the precarious character of the present peace.

What of their future, their eventual role in society? They would respond immediately to an idealistic summons to serve. They want to be unselfish: one thinks of the boy who wants to earn a livelihood as an architect, but who regards it not as a way of making money, but as a technique providing more gracious living; and the girl who wants to be a doctor, mainly because she would like to work among the "underprivileged." These young idealists are passionately interested in things like Mutual Aid and "technical assistance"; they feel that their choice of vocation need not irrevocably shut them off from public service nor, in particular, from working for peace and for a totally different relation to backward peoples.

Here, in short, is magnificent material for British leadership and world service. What does our society do with it? Today we dissipate this unique opportunity. In a Communist country teen-agers are assiduously cultivated and indoctrinated; they learn to hate the West, to echo the slogans of their leaders, and to change their loyalties when Party discipline requires. But the State does not allow their idealism to be wasted, and the idealism does not change to cynicism at any rate until it has been canalised. The organisation of one age group is effectively followed by the next. Here we begin by doing something better, but we allow the opportunity to slip. University societies, political and social clubs, do not bridge the gap between the eagerness of the teen-ager and the hard competition for jobs whose social purpose may be difficult to divine.

These young men and women in the '20s and '30s, before the war, would have been attracted by the Labour Party; in an earlier decade they would have been excited by the imagination of H. G. Wells, the dialectics of Bernard Shaw, and the moral appeal of John Galsworthy. These and a hundred other writers and journalists made young people believe, not so much in a political party, though that was an essential instrument, as in a Socialist and humanist movement which opened up a new way of life. In part this greater equality, this new social attitude, has been achieved. But the older generation now appears to be failing to respond to the teen-agers' desire for an imaginative restatement of the philosophic and scientific foundations of the new world.

One reason is that the pattern of our educational system was cut out for a social

system that is fast disappearing. In the heyday of our imperialist success, we lived on the fat of Britain's lead in industry, met foreign competition by depressed wages, let our industrial technique stagnate, and built up an army of white-collar administrators. Our middle- and upper-class schools were designed as recruiting centres for that army; they continue to furnish an annual squad of recruits trained to non-creative functions. The result is an enervating frustration among the growing numbers of clerks, civil servants and other "parasitical" professions, in which a declining capitalism abounds. If Britain is to survive, it needs another economic revolution; it needs new industries and techniques; above all, it needs to place a majority of its working population in productive occupations. That cannot be done without a vast increase in technological education; but such a change must have a social dynamic. The form that Socialism now takes in this country is the struggle for national survival. If that challenge is squarely faced, the coming generation will not want for aims to spur its efforts, nor for opportunities to satisfy its idealism.

Paying for Woolton

Lord Woolton's promise that the Tories would supply British electors with more red meat seems likely to be fulfilled this year—at a price. Under the new trade agreement with Argentina we are to receive 33,000 tons more of carcase meat in 1953; and this increase, coupled with substantially larger shipments promised by Australia and New Zealand, should raise British meat supplies to about 1.8 m. tons, as compared with about 1.5 m. last year and a pre-war average of 2.1 m. tons. But unless we expand home production, whose history (in the case of beef) is set out by Nigel Harvey on a later page of this issue, our heavy dependence on imports makes us weak bargainers in dealings with Señor Perón, as the new agreement shows. Not merely does Britain undertake to supply Argentina with 800,000 tons of coal, 27,000 tons of tinplate, and 4 m. tons of oil, in addition to a sterling credit of £20 m., but meat prices are to rise sharply—from £126 to £161 per ton for Grade A frozen beef, and from £130 to £148 a ton for frozen lamb. Chilled beef is to cost £181 per ton. In short, Lord Woolton's red meat will be there; but, unless Mr. Butler reverses his policy of whittling down food subsidies, it will be available only for well-filled purses.

Budget Guesswork

Budget forecasting at the end of the calendar year is notoriously a dangerous game; and it may be that Mr. Butler's relatively optimistic tone in speaking of the current position will come nearer to being justified than the recently published figures suggest. The greater part of income tax comes in after January, and it may be that the Exchequer is going to do remarkably well out of it. The figures, however, for what they are worth, are a good deal worse than last year's, partly because revenue is lower (especially from purchase tax) and partly because of higher expenditure (especially to the doctors and in the higher cost of the National Debt). As against this, there are known to have been cuts in spending on armaments, and Mr. Butler has saved a good deal on food subsidies—though he gave some of it back in other ways. No doubt, there will be a surplus of ordinary revenue over expenditure by April, when the income tax has come in; but how far will this go towards covering expenditure "below the line"? It does not look as if, even at the best, Mr. Butler will have much to give away when he presents his next Budget. The plain truth, of course, is that, in spite of "disinflation" inflicted by financial measures, living costs and many other costs have gone on rising, and with them most wages and many profits. The wage increases will yield more in income tax, and so will the profits in due course. But the present state of the national accounts does not show much sign of the high rate of capital investment which the country needs, or of comfort for the numerous groups of Conservatives who are waiting with their mouths open for tax concessions during the present year.

London Fares

The popular newspapers are again making the most of the proposal to increase London Transport fares, and are trying in some cases to make the public believe that the increases are all the fault of nationalisation. This, of course, is sheer nonsense. Even with the proposed charges, the cost of London transport to the traveller will have risen a good deal less than that of most other things. At present it is up by 71 per cent. on the pre-war level, whereas, according to Lord Latham, costs have risen by 130 per cent. Fuel, vehicle replacements and maintenance, and direct wages have all gone up since the last increase in fares; and for 1952 there is a deficit of £3 million—with the prospect of a much higher loss this year if fares remain unchanged. A privately owned industry would certainly have been in no position to avoid these increases by making economies to offset them; and Lord Latham is entirely correct when he scouts the possibility of making a profit by reducing off-rush-hour fares. No one likes paying more for transport, least of all when the transit is compulsory and not for pleasure; and there is much to be said for the view that the rail services especially should not be required to meet their full cost, including the heavy compensation charges imposed on them when they were taken over. But this is a national question, relating to the whole country, not to London as an exception; and the London Transport Executive cannot be expected to go on working at a loss all by itself. The fare increases are, in fact, simply a delayed part of the general rise in the cost of living; it is illogical, even if it be human nature, to make a fuss about them or to blame the highly efficient London Transport Executive for seeking to impose them.

Rifts in Indonesia

The resignation of Defence Minister Sultan Hamengku Buwono has avoided, or at least postponed, the downfall of the Cabinet in Indonesia. But it has not solved any of the pressing problems which face a country where personalities obscure principles and threaten stability. The Sultan is an able man, independent, respected for his courageous stand against the Dutch and for his efforts to deal with political gangs and fanatical religious organisations which still create disorders in several parts of the country. He, his Chief of Staff and his Secretary to the Ministry of Defence are all men with progressive ideas on social problems as well as on the need for a small, modern, disciplined army. This involved drastic economies and the dismissal of young officers, originally appointed to fight guerilla war when Dutch troops were still in Indonesia. But decisions at the centre were resisted for political, as well as personal reasons, and three out of seven Army Commanders refused to accept the Sultan's orders. In such a situation, the Cabinet could have strengthened the Sultan's hand and called a halt to potential disintegration in the Army. Unhappily, the President sees in the Sultan a possible rival, while politicians hostile to the Socialist ideas of top officials in the Ministry of Defence were only too willing to exploit a dangerous crisis. Further, it so happens that the Dutch Military Mission still in Indonesia has also advised a modern centralised army; and growing anti-Dutch feeling in Djakarta has been mobilised into a general attack on the Ministry of Defence. When the Cabinet refused to take firm measures against the rebellious officers, and resorted to a reshuffle of Commanders, the Sultan resigned.

PARIS

The New Premier

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The fortnight's Government crisis ended early on Wednesday morning with M. René Mayer (Radical) duly "invested" for the Premiership by 389 votes to 205. In the usual "woolly" investiture speech, the aim of which is to appease everybody, M. Mayer managed to please the Right far more than the Left. This suited his purpose perfectly; for the great operation upon which the Right and Centre have now embarked is to get the support of the Gaullists. Although these are still numerous in the Assembly, their decline in the country has been amply demonstrated in recent bye-elections; but, by changing their tactics, and becoming a "Government party" or, at least, a supporter of Right-wing Governments, they hope to improve their fortunes, and worm their way into positions of authority. One of the great questions for France is whether, in the end, the Gaullists will gain control of the Conservative Right, or *vice versa*. Anyway, it is clear that France has moved still further to the Right.

Until late on Tuesday evening, M. Mayer's chances were considered to be poor, because it was not believed that he could accept the "conditions" laid down by the Gaullists, that further negotiations be entered upon before the European Army was submitted for ratification by the French Assembly. The Gaullists insist that every element in the European Army must preserve its "distinct national character," and that the German army be no larger than the French army *in Europe*. On the face of it, it was surprising that the Gaullists should have been satisfied with the not very precise assurances M. Mayer finally gave them; for what if international considerations make it difficult for him to stick to his promises? But they may have understood M. Mayer to mean that the ratification of the Bonn Agreement would, at any rate, be postponed almost indefinitely—which was something. The man who may find himself in a very awkward spot will, of course, be M. Schu-

man, whom the Gaullists, as well as other Right-wingers, have been sniping for a long time. In any case, the entry of the Gaullists into the Government majority—if not into the Government itself—opens up a variety of new possibilities, both on the home and international fronts.

BERLIN

Shortages and Purges

A Correspondent writes: The new year began with alarms, rumours, charges and countercharges unusual even for this city of recurring excitements. The killing, on Christmas Day, of a West Berlin policeman by Red Army soldiers and the alleged murder, a few days later, of an East German police sergeant, were both made the occasion for huge protest demonstrations which brought political tension to a high pitch. Throughout the year there had been a steady increase in the stream of refugees arriving in West Berlin from the Eastern Zone, but in December their number had reached an all-time high with over 16,000. Together with the refugees there came news of the gravity of Eastern Germany's food situation and rumours of impending purges.

The first reports of the difficult food situation in the Eastern Zone came already at the end of October, after the escape to the West of Herr Fritz Hantke, the former chief of department in the East German Ministry of Supply. At the time little attention was paid to his story of a serious breakdown in East German food supplies, and Herr Otto Grotewohl, the East German Premier, at first denied it indignantly. However, at the beginning of last month, Herr Grotewohl changed his tune. He admitted the existence of food shortages and attributed them to a combination of causes ranging from bad weather and the failure of foreign countries to fulfil delivery contracts, to administrative muddle, irresponsible hoarding, and sabotage in high places. After that, events followed one another swiftly. Dr. Hamann, the Minister of Supply, was suspended, together with his Secretary of State. The rumour of his arrest was confirmed on December 13. Barely a week later, the President of the East German High Court announced in the Red Army newspaper, *Tägliche Rundschau*, that a number of leading East German personalities would shortly be brought to trial for "sabotage" and for conspiring with the "Anglo-American imperialists." On January 1, the Ministry of Information was shut down. Its former chief, Gerhart Eisler, has not yet been officially indicted, but rumours of his impending disgrace continue. There have, however, been renewed accusations against Paul Merker, whom the Communists expelled two years ago, and against some lesser fry who are to figure in forthcoming trials.

It is not enough to explain these purges and impending trials as means of finding scapegoats for existing shortages. The shortages are real, but they are not catastrophic. The last harvest was somewhat below normal, but it was not disastrously bad. Administrative muddle and a certain amount of hoarding probably explain part of the difficulties. But their chief cause, it would seem, has been the resistance of a growing number of peasants to the threat of collectivisation. Officially, this is to be on a voluntary basis. In fact, pressure for "voluntary co-operatives" has steadily grown. Cases of resistance to this policy have been frequently described in the East German Press. In November, the Communist General Secretary, Walter Ulbricht, officially admonished his Party to wage a fierce struggle against attempts "to organise resistance against deliveries and against the development of co-operatives." How serious this resistance is can be gauged from the fact that during the past ten weeks alone as many as 2,000 peasants—who have more to lose than anybody else—fled from the East to Western Berlin. If peasant resistance is the main reason for existing supply difficulties, then these difficulties are likely to continue.

WASHINGTON

Passed to President Eisenhower

A Correspondent writes: Despite the speed at which Mr. Truman has been racing through the unfinished business of his Administration, he cannot dispose of everything before he vacates the White House. The Budget is already prepared, with the collaboration of an observer nominated by the incoming President, because the Budget time-table curiously ignores the likelihood that the Government will change hands in the third week of January every fourth year. But Mr. Truman must pass on some awkward remnants during the New Year clearance sale, not the least of them being the problem of the McCarran Act. When President Truman's veto of the Act was overridden by Congress, he appointed a special Commission to review the immigration and naturalisation code, and its report was laid on his desk last week-end. He, of course, can now do nothing about its proposals, save pass them on to Mr. Eisenhower, who has also criticised the Act in general terms, and suggested that its "unfair" provisions should be revised.

It is, however, one thing to recognise the common sense of the Commission's proposals, and something else to hope that Mr. Eisenhower could persuade Congress to accept them, even if he tried very hard. Ever since Congress began to pass immigration laws, the steady trend has been toward restriction and illiberalism—starting with discrimination against Asians and anarchists and ending in the McCurran Act, which, the Commission says, is "badly drafted, confusing . . . unworkable . . . unwise and injurious to the nation." The Commission proposes that a new Federal agency should assume responsibility for immigration and naturalisation, taking over functions that are at present divided between the Departments of State and Justice; it asks for a much higher ceiling on immigration—250,000 a year, rather than the 154,000 permitted by the McCarran Act; and it would eliminate the "racial" discrimination that Congress has hitherto insisted upon by abolishing the "national origins" quota and granting immigration visas—within the annual total—without regard to race, creed or colour. The Commission also condemns the McCarran Act's restriction of new immigrants to two main classes—workers with special skills and aliens with relatives to sponsor them—and would add some much more general categories. Finally, it would throw out the stupid ban on "former" Communists, provided that the Security agencies are satisfied that their entry is both necessary and harmless. (It is noteworthy that the McCarran Act itself no longer bans Fascists—on the curious grounds that they have no interest in furthering their aims in the U.S.) The chances of these recommendations becoming law in the new Congress are very slim. But the Commission's work will not be wasted. At last someone has drafted an immigration code that makes sense and accepts the assumptions of liberalism.

Crossroads in Africa

THERE is now taking place in London a conference on British Central Africa which can lead to consequences as startling and unwholesome as any which have followed what the British have done, or not done, in Kenya. It is the third conference on officially sponsored proposals for a federation of Southern Rhodesia with the Protectorates of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. The first meeting, at the Victoria Falls in 1951, was attended by a few reluctant African representatives who declared themselves against proposals for federation. The second took place in London early in 1952 and was boycotted by African delegations invited to England by the Colonial Secretary. At the third conference this month there are no Africans: indeed, the only Africans to come to London have done so to make a protest against federation.

African rejection of federation in existing circumstances—for it is by no means certain that responsible Africans would reject federation in all circumstances—has evolved from the uncertainty of suspecting that the present proposals may be inimical to African interests into a rock-hard certainty that they are. The more White interests have pushed for federation, the further has African opinion receded from acceptance. If reasoning opposition was restricted a couple of years ago to a relatively small group of conscious African nationalists in the two northern territories, it has since spread to the chiefs at one end of the scale and the Copperbelt mining workers, for example, at the other. In Southern Rhodesia one of the few "tolerated" African trade unions—allowed to function in certain ways but denied full legal standing—is the Reformed Industrial and Commercial Workers' Union led by Charles Mzingeli. It has come out strongly against federation on the grounds that federation in existing circumstances would mean merely the extension of unadulterated White supremacy from Southern Rhodesia into the Protectorates. At the same time the only "non-colour-bar" political party in Southern Rhodesia, the Southern Rhodesia Labour Party, has done the same. Its latest appeal to Sir Godfrey Huggins—and the S.R.L.P., though politically weak, is affiliated to the British Labour Party—says that, "in view of the fears and suspicions aroused by the Federal Scheme and the grave dangers involved in forcing it on unwilling Africans, we would request you to postpone federation for a number of years."

What does the British Government mean to do? It can show a statesmanlike willingness to have second thoughts on proposals which, to say the least, are of dubious wisdom, or it can force through these proposals against growing African opposition. There is in any case a decisive responsibility in this matter for the Opposition. By resolute and reasoned refusal of these proposals, the Labour Party can make it more than difficult for the Government to impose them. Its chance of doing this will probably come in the Spring, for the programme seems more or less cut and dried. The federationists intend that this third conference shall make an end of discussion: Sir Godfrey Huggins is to return to Southern Rhodesia and at once prepare for the necessary referendum of White opinion. Should

this referendum support federation—a result which seems likelier now than some months ago—there will be debates in the Legislative Councils of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland as well as in the Legislative Assembly of Southern Rhodesia; at the same time the Imperial Parliament will have before it an Enabling Bill whereby the necessary powers would be authorised and transferred. The passage of this Enabling Bill through the House of Commons may well mark the British people's last chance of exercising a direct influence of any decisive importance on the destiny of Africans in Central Africa. Yet an Enabling Act carried against a strong Parliamentary opposition could be, in these circumstances, only half an Act.

Must the Opposition return a bare negative? Happily, there is plenty of ground for constructive counter-proposals. Anyone who doubts this should turn at once to one of the most enlightened official documents ever to emerge from British Africa, Sir Philip Mitchell's memorable despatch to the Secretary of State (*Colonial No. 290*) of November 15, 1951, after which all talk of tutelage on the old lines of pre-industrial paternalism is manifestly an addlepated anachronism. "We are confronted to-day," writes Sir Philip in words which should be inscribed in letters of gold (or uranium) above every legislative council and assembly in colonial Africa, "with an African agrarian, economic and social revolution. It is surely of the greatest importance that this part of Africa should not be allowed to suffer, as the United Kingdom and most of Europe have suffered, by permitting this revolution to run its course, unregulated and undirected in its effects upon large populations of rural origin. . . ."

Sir Philip's words, taken logically and seriously, put the present proposals for Central Africa federation right out of court. They imply—even if Sir Philip is not always strong in following his implications where logic leads them—that the path of advance for *all communities* in British Africa is not through the extension of an intellectually ill-equipped and resolutely self-seeking White dominion, but through structural changes designed to transfer the economic and social pattern of colonial society from a basis of "cheap African labour" and all it involves, to a basis of "skilled African labour" and all that this means. Sir Philip, in other words, is giving his approval to arguments used in this journal in the past few years to show that industrialism is inevitable in Africa, and that industrialism can be achieved humanely and efficiently only if colonial societies are uprooted from their backwardness and regrafted.

Once this modern system of thought is accepted, there is nothing to be said against the principle of federation. The trouble is that the federationists of to-day are not modern, but hopelessly out-of-date. Even the few who are obscurely aware that the rest of the world has somehow passed them by show no real grasp of their position. Thus the so-called "Capricorn Declarations" rest in sordid truth upon Sir Godfrey Huggins's old contrivance of the "two-pyramid system," which differs in no theoretical respect from the doctrine of *Apartheid* according to the Dutch Reformed Churches of South Africa. Mr. David Sterling and his Southern Rhodesian colleagues do not admit this: but then, neither did the proverbial Middle Western farmer admit that the long-necked animal with spots that he saw in the zoo was a giraffe.

A modern approach to federation would face the African revolution squarely in all its implications. It would insist on a federation which would set its face against colour bars in all three territories; would open the road to a skilled African labour force without doing so by head-on collision with White workers in Central Africa; would secure rights of freehold urban tenure and amenity to Africans on the same legal and customary basis as to Whites; would put much money into the promotion of suitably adapted agricultural co-operatives (on lines already established in Northern Rhodesia); would extend to Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland the same trade union rights as African workers already enjoy in Northern Rhodesia; and would greatly expand facilities for African education.

But it would also face the political implications of this emergent revolution in African society. And here it would find itself greatly helped by constructive proposals already put forward by significant and increasingly representative African bodies in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Those for Nyasaland date from a meeting in August, 1951, between Mr. James Griffiths, then Colonial Secretary, and the Nyasaland African Congress. They are worth recalling. These Africans asked for a programme of advance which should include:

(1) Universal manhood suffrage (as in the Gold Coast);
(2) Nyasaland to be divided into appropriate constituencies and the number of African seats in Legislative Council to be advanced to twelve;
(3) District, Provincial, and Protectorate Councils in Nyasaland to be transformed into properly elected organs of democratic government;
(4) Africans to be represented on the existing local bodies in urban areas on the same principle as non-Africans.

These proposals provide at any rate a basis for intelligent discussion about necessary political change. Last August they were joined by other proposals—once again intended as a basis for intelligent discussion—from a conference of chiefs held under the auspices of the Northern Rhodesian African Congress at Lusaka. They were in no sense extremist nor Utopian: neither were they racialist. They envisaged a phased advance to self-government for Northern Rhodesia through genuine partnership between all racial communities.

Whatever the merit of these proposals, they show an impressive African willingness to face the difficulties of building multi-racial democracy that is practically absent from all White discussion on the subject. If the Labour and Liberal Parties rightly and understandably wish to do more than merely oppose federation this coming Spring, they can find in these and cognate suggestions a fruitful source of constructive alternatives for action.

The French Communist Party

I.—"Bread, Peace and Liberty"

Although membership of the French Communist Party has declined by nearly a third during the past five years, it still remains the strongest single factor in French politics and, apart from the countries actually subject to the dictatorship of the proletariat, the most formidable stronghold of Communism in the world. At the French general election in 1946, the C.P. received 28.6 per cent. of the total votes cast. Since then, despite constitutional changes which have everywhere been to its disadvantage, and despite a more stringent Government control of its activities, it has lost only a fraction of its popular support. At the general election of 1951 it received 26.5 per cent. of the poll, representing 5 million votes, nearly twice that received by any other party.

More important perhaps than these figures is the impressive enthusiasm of the average Communist voter. Roughly 50 per cent. of the copies of the two principal Party newspapers are distributed by volunteers; over 60 per cent. of those who vote Communist have at one time or another helped in the distribution of handbills and the sticking of posters; nearly 70 per cent. make a direct contribution to Party funds. The income of the C.P., which makes it by far the wealthiest of the French political parties, comes, almost entirely, from small donations. Communist voters show greater faith in their party and its organs than that shown by the supporters of any other party. The response to the film criticisms of *l'Humanité* provides an index of this. A leading film distributor calculates that if *l'Humanité*, for political reasons, advises its readers not to patronise a particular film, attendances register up to a 30 per cent. drop in working-class areas.

Nevertheless, behind this imposing solidarity, there is evidence of a profound division among rank-and-file Communist voters. Fortunately, during the last two years, a number of statistical studies have been made of the political opinions of Frenchmen and of Communist voters in particular. The most important of such studies was a sampling survey carried out earlier this year by the French Institute of Public Opinion on behalf of the magazine *Réalités*.

The principal result of this survey was its revelation of a wide disparity between the official doctrine of the Party and the views of the majority of voters who supported it. In the Party slogan "Bread, Peace and Liberty," equal emphasis is placed on all three words; but in the opinion of the average Communist voter, "Bread" was his motive for voting Communist. Wages, the rising cost of living and the unequal distribution of wealth were considered to be the most important points in the Party's programme by 65 per cent. of those questioned, and over 50 per cent. thought that the Party did not place enough stress on these particular problems. Some 76 per cent. thought that living conditions governed their political affiliation and, conversely, only a minority showed any enthusiasm for the more doctrinaire elements in the Party programme. Only one in twelve made any reference to the war in Indo-China; more than 50 per cent. thought that the relations between the Party and the U.S.S.R. should be confined to "sympathy"; and 65 per cent. thought that in the event of a war between Russia and America, France should remain neutral. One question asked: "Which points should be stressed less by the propaganda of your Party?" In a surprisingly large number of cases the answer was: "Less talk about the U.S.S.R."

In other words, while about 25 per cent. of Communist voters appear to be thoroughly

orientated to international Communist policy, more than two-thirds are attached to their party purely for economic reasons, and an appreciable number of this group are even radically opposed to full-blooded Communism. There are marked geographical parallels to this basic division. Although militant Communists are to be found everywhere in France, they exist in appreciable numbers only in the Paris factory belt, certain northern industrial towns and in the Marseilles-Toulon area. These are areas where the Resistance tradition is strong, where sales of Party newspapers are greatest and where proselytising is most active. The breakdown of Communist voters into economic groups helps to explain why this division exists. The militant section of the Party is recruited largely from workers at the large factories and among railway workers, who also supply the bulk of the membership of the C.G.T. But the really underpaid and underprivileged section of the French population, the 2 million or more peasants and small-town workers who form France's "economic underground," regard Communism as a champion rather than a cause. Ill-organised and apathetic, they dutifully vote for the C.P., but they are remote indeed from the men at Central Headquarters. In addition, at the other end of the scale, more than 15 per cent. of Communist voters come from the lower-middle or upper-middle classes; 18 per cent. own property and 11 per cent. cars; 3 per cent. employ servants. Members of the French bourgeoisie have thus an important stake in the C.P. They vote Communist for a variety of reasons but their allegiance is slight and it is precisely this section which is most critical of Party leadership.

Thus a distinct tendency towards "fellow-travelling" is implicit in the answers to this survey. If we add the evidence produced by other surveys and statistical summaries, the tendency becomes more explicit. For instance, where surveys of workers have been carried out by the personnel departments of individual firms, the proportion of militant to non-militant Communists is never greater than one in five, except in certain factories in a few well-defined geographical areas. It has also been found that Party membership in individual plants drops sharply following wage increases, though other incidents, which might have been thought to operate in a converse manner (i.e., U.N. intervention in Korea, the Bonn treaties, etc.) have not brought a corresponding increase.

From this miscellaneous statistical information, an important fact emerges: the French C.P. is split into distinct groups, which might almost be said to form two rival parties. They differ not merely in their aims, but also in their methods. The most surprising conclusion of the public opinion survey quoted above was that the overwhelming majority of Communist voters show a distinct preference for constitutional methods. Only 40 per cent. thought that the Party should employ unconstitutional methods to achieve power, and nearly 90 per cent. said that other political parties should not be banned, except the Gaullists. Only 9 per cent. declared they were hostile to the present system of parliamentary government. This preference for constitutional methods on the part of three-quarters of French Communist voters is the most important feature of the basic division in the ranks of the C.P., having as it does a practical influence on the day-to-day activities of the Party. Both groups have a good claim to dominate Party policy: the smaller one because it contains all the Party's most valuable supporters, who take a direct and constant part in its activities; the larger one because, undisciplined as it is, it is unthinkable that the Party could ever achieve power under present circumstances without its help. How to satisfy both groups and at the same time to pursue a resolute policy with all the means at their disposal has been, and still is, a crucial problem for C.P. leaders. For the past two years they were able to shelve it and to still criticism with the phrase, "Wait till Thorez returns." But such a position became more and more difficult to maintain, for two reasons: first, because the second group was becoming larger; and secondly, because the difference of opinion among the mass of voters was becoming increasingly reflected in the Party hierarchy itself.

The climax came at the end of May last year. The Ridgway demonstrations are important, not so much in themselves, but because they marked the end of the old policy and the beginning of the new. The loyalty of Communist voters was put to the test on an issue which did not affect their own material interests and was found wanting. In the Paris area, where four out of ten voted Communist at the last election, the response to the protest appeal came almost entirely from factory workers in the suburbs. The overwhelming majority of Communist voters in Paris stayed at home and put up their shutters. The dismal failure of the subsequent strike, though due in part to the savage reprisals threatened by the Government, confirmed the view that the demonstrations were unpopular not merely among the nation as a whole, but among Communist voters themselves. As a result, drastic changes have been made by C.P. headquarters, both in policy and in personnel, which have shaken the French Communist movement to its foundations.

PAUL JOHNSON

London Diary

I DO not know who is most to blame for the wretched decision to cancel last Monday's television programme on African federation. It makes the B.B.C. look foolishly timid, and casts doubts on its claims to independence. If it was ordered to stop the programme at the last minute, it should have said so, just as it is entitled to preface any special Government announcement on the radio by a statement that it has received instructions to broadcast the item. And if the Colonial Office, or some other Department, was responsible for banning the broadcast, it should clearly be saddled with the responsibility for such interference. It is not as though there were anything unforeseen in the timing of this programme. The date of the federation conference had been known for months; the programme—which is part of the excellent series that Christopher Mayhew has been presenting—had certainly been arranged for some weeks. Nothing could be more silly, or more damaging to popular confidence in the B.B.C. than the implication that a serious subject cannot be intelligently discussed on television if it is too topical or potentially embarrassing to the Government of the day. The result is to make one fear that the new Director-General regards the B.B.C. as an instrument, not of education and culture, but of political warfare.

* * *

Amongst my overseas friends there are none whose health I have drunk this New Year with more affection and sympathy than those in Kenya. Some of them I have known for many years; some of them I only met for the first time on my recent visit. Only the very foolish—and here, I am afraid, I must include some writers for Kenya newspapers—will be surprised at my saying this. They seem really unable to understand that I think the official settler policy in Kenya has been short-sighted, selfish, and arrogant; that I know this belief is shared by many of the young and some of the older settlers, who are inclined with me to doubt whether Kenya should ever have been regarded as "a White Man's country"; that when I read the history of the last 30 years in Kenya, I believe that Kikuyu nationalism and the ghastly murders by Mau Mau are basically the consequence of our own past Imperialism. But that has nothing to do with my anxiety for the people who live in isolated farms, never daring to leave their guns fifty yards away, knowing in their hearts that even if the Europeans succeed, as they may do, in temporarily flattening out the Kikuyu, they are further than ever away from solving the problems of poverty, jealousy and racial hatred. How are they to have any peace of mind on a farm where the workers on the land and the servants in the home may all be secretly planning murder?

I recently received two letters from Kenya settlers whom I do not know personally, bitterly rebuking me for remarks I never made, but which were apparently attributed to me by some Kenya newspaper. My rejoinder to these correspondents was to send them copies of my actual articles, explaining my point of view; in both cases I received letters of full and generous apology. It may be a little arduous to have to write to all liberal-minded Europeans in Kenya, who have been misled by such misquotation and misrepresentation, but it may be necessary, and it may have the incidental advantage that the Europeans in question are more likely in future to read this journal.

* * *

Five years ago this very week—the omen takers insisted on 4 o'clock in the morning of January 4—I was present at the celebration of Burma's independence in the sunshine of Rangoon. Among other friends I made then—friends one makes in Burma are never lost—were the political leaders who are responsible for calling the present Conference of Asian Socialists. Very properly, Mr. Attlee is at their Conference; it was, above all, his patience and determination that overcame the deep suspicions of the British that were sown in Burma during the two years after the war. It was he who persuaded, first, Aung San and then U. Nu, the present Prime Minister, that Britain really intended Burma's independence. Mr. Attlee may meet at the Conference representatives of the Kenya African Union, the Istiqlal Party of Morocco, the Algerian Nationalist Party, the Neo-Destourian Party of Tunisia and the Convention People's Party of the Gold Coast. This is as it should be, for, as the note of invitation put it, "Asian Socialists who were in the front rank of the nationalist struggles of their respective countries are naturally anxious to draw closer to their African brethren and are looking about for a new unity of all backward and oppressed peoples." One of the questions Mr. Attlee will have to face is whether the leadership of Social Democracy is now passing to these Asian and African groups who, whether we like the particular tactics each of them adopts or not, do stand for the national awakening and the demand for social change which is the present characteristic of all formerly colonial peoples. All these people will want to know whether the European Socialist parties have really themselves completely abandoned colonialism.

* * *

News that John Parker's Bill to repeal the Sunday Observance Acts may get its first reading on January 30 has exposed all his colleagues in the Commons to a fierce barrage of letters from champions of the English Sunday. The Lord's Day Observance Society, for example, is highly skilled in what you might call selective enlightenment, knows how to talk to M.P.s, and probably

dangles the scalps of many such Bills from its tight little belt. The new Bill, by repealing all the Sunday Observance Acts from 1625 to 1780, would make all sports and games legal on Sunday —except billiards and those sources of happiness watched over by the Licensing Acts and the Shops Acts. It would also put the theatres in a position rather similar to that of the cinemas under their Act of 1932, except for the £400,000 blood money paid annually by the latter to charities. I hear that musicians and concert artists will support it, though theatre managements are likely to find themselves in two minds because of the double pay involved in Sunday production and the fact that, anyway, Equity wants a six-day week (which, as a matter of fact, need not in any way be imperilled by the Bill). But I hope the numerous sporting and athletic interests will find their tongues this time. It's useless to complain that we are governed by crank minorities if we let them do all the shouting. This Bill will need support at least as strenuous and organised as that of the propagandists who believe, in the words of the Sunday Observance Act, 1677, that the people should "apply themselves to the observation of the Lord's Day by exercising themselves in the duties of piety and true religion, publicly and privately."

* * *

Every year one reads with flagging attention the long list of soldiers, sailors and airmen, Civil Servants, wealthy party supporters, and others whom the Monarch (or Prime Minister) has delighted to honour. But every now and again one is awakened by the name of somebody who has really increased our fun, deepened our understanding, or otherwise added to the richness of life. In recent years there have been more of such pleasurable moments because writers, musicians and actors have not been altogether forgotten. This year the list was made tolerable to me by the sudden discovery of names like E. M. Forster, Herbert Read, Boyd Neel and Harold Nicolson. One name which I look for year after year is still absent. Several correspondents have written saying that they, too, were surprised that John Gielgud has been passed over.

* * *

In front of me is a pink cyclamen plant in a pot. It has three fine blooms and several promising buds, but every leaf has yellowed, shrivelled and died. So I suppose the buds will fail of their promise, and in a week or so I shall miserably throw the plant away as I have so many others in the past. This year I decided to have another shot. Everyone agreed that a cyclamen must not stand in a draught and that it would do better if the temperature was fairly constant. It should be neither too hot nor too cold and it didn't like gas—these instructions seemed easy to follow. The difficulty comes with watering; there the experts differ sharply. The shop, which sells such a lovely and enticing variety at Christmas, said it should stand for an hour or so in water every third day; that it should never be left in water and never, never, watered from the top. This recipe was confirmed by a very practical article on the tending of cyclamens about Christmas time in one of the popular newspapers, and by a friend who grows and keeps from year to year gorgeous and many-flowering plants. Another school of thought tells me that this treatment is absolute death; never, never must a cyclamen be watered from beneath. The strongest of the experts of this persuasion is Mr. Park, who tells me that he personally has raised many prize cyclamens; that the most successful lived for fourteen years; that one year it had one hundred and fifty flowers and was photographed for *Country Life*. "They don't want much water," he said, "only a tablespoonful on the top just to keep 'em damp every other day." Anything else, I gathered would be fatal. And so it has proved. I suppose I shall try his recipe next year. But I'm not very hopeful.

CRITIC

". . AIN'T GOING THERE"

The Congress of America is sealing off the States,
Behind the golden ramparts there the Inquisition waits
As finger-printed immigrants besiege the pearly gates,
And McCarran marches on.

The visa for the visitor must come before the Courts,
Security must counter-check Intelligence reports,
While passengers are purged in purgatorial resorts,
And McCarran marches on.

The Immigration angels from this happy land exclude
Political subversion and connubial turpitude,
No tainted foreign body on this Eden shall intrude
While McCarran marches on.

The Communist (converted) will with no indulgence meet,
Polygamists for entry unavailingly entreat,
And atheistic aliens writhe before the Judgment Seat
As McCarran marches on.

The Premier of Great Britain could have lawfully been banned,
The Premier of Great Britain once shook Stalin by the hand,
But on a transit visa they permitted him to land
Though McCarran marches on.

Musicians, artists, scientists must face Tribunals stern,
Suspected spies and saboteurs are weeded out in turn—
Though how Dame Myra Hess would wreck the States we've yet to learn—
But McCarran marches on.

America, notorious as an earthly Paradise,
Immune from crime, corruption, immorality and vice,
They plan to keep unspotted from the world at any price,
While McCarran marches on.

The Torch of Liberty explodes, the flag of freedom waves,
The Federal guardian angel host the Constitution saves,
But Washington and Jefferson are turning in their graves
As McCarran marches on.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

"What is the secret of the *Express*? Constantly it is assailed and vilified by those who hate and fear it. Yet from each attack it emerges stronger." The answer . . . is simple. The *Express* strives to represent everything that is good and decent in the heart and soul of Britain. . . .—*Daily Express*. (R. Raymond.)

About cuckoo-calling time I intend to take in my hand my courage and three pots of paint, red, white and blue, and go into the delectable village street here to show the Americans what an old Sussex village can look like.—Letter in *News Chronicle*. (Peter Vansittart.)

The Cleansing Department of Manchester City Council divides the households from which it collects refuse into three broad groups—working class, middle class, and better class.—*The Manchester Guardian*. (J. C. Rees.)

The Shadow of Velindre

IN 1947, two hundred thousand pounds were spent levelling out the green fields of a quiet place, Velindre, six miles north of Swansea and equidistant from the steel and tinplate factories of Morriston to the East and Gorseinon to the West. On this site, it was intended to build a mammoth cold reduction plant; but, the victim of a tug-of-war of interests, it was never built. Instead, the plant was located and is now operating at Trostre, Llanelly. The reasons for the change of plan were partly, so it was said, "sociological."

Last November, the Chairman of the Steel Company of Wales, Mr. E. H. Lever, announced at Port Talbot that a twin for Trostre will be built at Velindre. No dates were mentioned. None were needed to revive the fears of unemployment that give a fresh chill to the rain which sweeps along the industrial valleys of West Wales. Four days before Mr. Lever's statement, the Welsh Council of Labour issued the text of a resolution expressing "grave concern in view of the possibilities of considerable redundancies occurring in the not-too-distant future." At Llanelly there has been a quick reaction and there is talk of convening a "town meeting." For no one knows how many "considerable" means, nor how distant is the "not-too-distant-future." Estimates differ. A trade unionist—speaking with declared knowledge—at Neath hazarded the figure of 8,000 in the next two years. T. Brennan and Edmund Cooney of University College, Swansea, in their book *Social Pattern, 1950*, tentatively put the highest possible figure at 11,500 in the tinplate industry alone. This alarmingly high figure is not likely to be achieved in the next two years, however, since it is based on the expected closure of all the old-type mills. The lower guess is serious enough.

The old-type factories are grouped, to the East of Swansea, at Port Talbot, Briton Ferry and Neath and, to the West, at Gorseinon, Pontardulais and Llanelly. There are some at Swansea itself and at Morriston and Pontardawe in the Swansea Valley. The factories are important to the area. In 1948, 37 per cent. of the working population of Llanelly and Gorseinon were engaged in tinplate and 29 per cent. in steel. Morriston, with its population of 10,000, has 2,800 people working in the two factories at either side of the river bridge. These men do not know what is going to happen to them. The fact that a third of the men in the industry are over 45 years of age makes the situation especially pathetic. A legend that finds some desperate support says the old, primitive hand-mills are as cheap as the expensive new factories and that consequently all will yet be well. "This," comment Brennan and Cooney, "seems an unlikely prospect, since it involves the assumption that the cost estimates, on the basis of which the building of the Margam and Trostre plants was undertaken, could be seriously incorrect." Nevertheless the manager of one of the old-type mills recently told me that he hoped his works (a self-contained steel and tinplate factory) would actually expand. He was confident that so long as the supply of scrap was sufficient and demand was maintained, then his men could produce competitively with the strip-mill. In another place I was told that demand is falling and that once it reaches the point at which the output at Margam and Trostre and, in time, Velindre can meet it, then, there will be no place for the old-time methods.

When the factories begin to fall at the side of the roads, like so many others in the history of West Wales that lie like derelict castles of the Industrial Conquest, which will fall first? A reasonable argument would seem to be that those factories which meet some demand which mass-production cannot serve, such as springs, girders or coffee-tins, will be the last to go. And that those which produce steel for a local tinplate works will, when the tinning can be done more effectively at Trostre, be, with the tinplate works itself, the first to go. It has been evident for some time that the areas most likely to be soon affected are Llanelly, Gorseinon, Pontardulais, Pontardawe and Morriston, and, already, it has been announced that six mills in these districts are to be shut down before long.

In these areas Welsh culture is exceptionally strong and a majority of the people are still Welsh speaking. In these communities the chapels are still strong, the singing is excellent, education is valued and rugby football expresses a kind of native genius. Their pattern of life is parochial and owes little either to England or to Hollywood. If local industry collapses and these tightly knit groups disperse it will be a further blow to the Welsh language. Even if the adult generations retain their native tongue when they move to an alien place, their children and their children's children will not. Preachers and Nationalists, along with shopkeepers and householders who see the value of their property depreciating, are intensely concerned by such aspects of the problem.

The potential tragedy of the Llwchwr and Pontardawe districts, and one peculiar to them of all the threatened areas, is that they are unlikely to attract new industry. The present tendency in South Wales is towards centralisation along the coast. The Llanelly docks have been closed and the trade has gone to Swansea. The rebuilding of the blitzed centre of Swansea has reestablished the town as a business and shopping centre. New factories appear regularly and Velindre is on the borough boundary. The new industrial Colossus at Port Talbot has made that dingy town a potential gold mine. Both these expanding centres are largely anglicised. In 1931, only 14,000 of Port Talbot's population of 40,100 spoke Welsh. In Swansea there is considerable cultural activity in both languages: in Port Talbot little in either. These are the towns with a future because they will be large units. The smaller units may no longer be able to compete, no matter how attached they may be to their culture.

A large number of men from the old tinplate and steel areas have beaten the gun and have found work at Margam. They are the new industrial commuters. Fifty men from Gorseinon travel to the new strip-mill each day, a trip of over twenty miles which takes one and a quarter hours and costs fifteen shillings a week. They travel to Morriston Cross, dismount there and wait for one of the fleet of buses that go from Swansea to Margam. Theirs will be one of ninety buses bringing men down the valleys and along the coast to the new factory. Naturally, in time the men will want to live nearer their work. Margam is a clean, well-lighted place and offers permanent work. That it is better to change houses than hang about a place where the only permanency is uncertainty is a common though by no means universal opinion. The Port Talbot Council is building ambitious new housing estates for the workers. There are, however, a few cases of men returning to the hand mills from Margam, preferring the dirt and the friendliness to the trappings of efficiency, the long bus rides and the absence of any trade union seniority roster in their particular job (a serious problem this). Trostre and Velindre offer the same prospect as Margam for those fortunate enough to find work there.

There is no reasonable defence of the dark, ancient mills that burn into the night sky at tapping time. Some of them are not pleasant places to work in: it is unlikely that anyone will try to sabotage a strip-mill for their preservation. Everyone knows that the new methods are necessary to national survival, for everyone has heard it said often enough. But generalities are not enough for men who are waiting to know where they will work, or whether they will work, this year, next year . . .

W. John Morgan

The Pacifist Vicar

The case of the Rev. Cameron Newell, vicar of St. Peter's, Norwich, raises issues of considerable interest. Last summer, Mr. Newell was appointed to the living of Holbrook in the Norwich diocese, where there is a naval training school. Mr. Newell, however, holds pacifist views; and, last Remembrance Sunday, he criticised the British Legion for their tacit assumption that on this particular Sunday all the arrangements governing the nature and order of the Church services should be such as to suit their convenience. He is also said to have made a number of observations of a pacifist nature and to have referred to the regularity with which "the same old platitudes are being trotted out".

The Holbrook Church Council met and declared—we are not told whether the vote was unanimous—that Mr. Newell was unacceptable to them as the vicar of the parish. The Bishop, anxious presumably for a quiet life, thereupon refused to institute Mr. Newell, justifying his action on the grounds that the vicar was unacceptable to the local Church Council. In explaining his action, the Bishop is reported to have said that to send Mr. Newell to this parish would, in his opinion, be like "sending a rabid teetotaller to the parish of Burton-on-Trent". To this the *Church of England Newspaper* pertinently retorted: "Is not that the very parish where a teetotaller ought to go?" Meanwhile Mr. Newell, vigorously claiming his right to the living at Holbrook, remains at Norwich.

The case brings up, once again, the vexed question of the attitude of the Church of England to war. But it brings it up with a difference. In the past, the question has usually been raised by the fact of war itself, when passions are inflamed and judgments biassed by the overriding need to achieve victory over the enemy; on this occasion it has arisen during the relatively quiet times of peace.

The question is admittedly difficult. On the one side are the Articles of the Church of England, of which Article 37 reads: "It is lawful for Christian men, at the commandment of the magistrate, to wear weapons and serve in the wars." And there is also the universal practice of the Churches and other religious bodies in all lands (with the honourable exceptions of comparatively small sects such as the Quakers and Plymouth Brothers) which have blessed the guns, prayed for victory and turned their pulpits into amateur recruiting offices and the Churches of the Prince of Peace into the Temples of the God of War. They have done this with such unanimity as to justify Sir John Squire's inspired quatrain at the beginning of the 1914 war:

> To God, the embattled nations sing and shout,
> Gott strafe England and God Save the King,
> God this, God that, and God the other thing,
> "Good God," said God, "I've got my work cut out."

And they cite in their support one or two scriptural remarks of doubtful interpretation of the "I come not to bring peace but a sword" variety, in great popular use for the discomfiture of conscientious objectors. But on the other side there is the teaching of Christ on the subject of non-resistance, as unanimously testified and exemplified by the practice of the early Christians. It was the unequivocal nature of this teaching which provided Bertrand Russell with one of his bitterest gibes in the 1914-18 war, when he noted that "In England men were sent to prison in recent years for expressing disagreement with the Christian religion, or agreement with the teaching of Christ."

Now it may well be the case that it is not possible for a national Church which is a part of the State establishment to act in time of war in any other way, and that if it did try so to act, its services would be prohibited by order of the State and the blood of a new army of martyrs would bring fresh seed to the Church. It may be, I say, that these things are so; if they are, they constitute a strong argument for the Church's disestablishment. But whether they are so or not, I cannot refrain from recording my own view that Shaw was right when he wrote in *Commonsense About the War* some 38 years ago that the sense of scandal afforded by the behaviour of the Churches in wartime is far deeper than is popularly supposed; supposed, more particularly, by the Church itself which, once the war is over, rallies its flock again in Christ's name and carries on its services at His altar as though no change had ever taken place.

Now all this is understandable enough, particularly when it is remembered that the clergy themselves belong for the most part to that same officer class which is responsible for organising the nation's remembrance of the last war, while at the same time preparing for the next, and that it is their own sons and brothers who all too often are dying on the battlefield.

But two questions arise. The first, which appears to have constituted the immediate occasion of the trouble over Mr. Newell, is his criticism (in his Remembrance Sunday sermon) of the part played by the British Legion. On any showing there is much to be said for this protest. A stranger visiting some of our parish churches on Remembrance Sunday without prior knowledge of the circumstances, but with knowledge of the Christian religion, might be forgiven for failing to appreciate the nature of his surroundings. Against a backcloth of military banners stand serried ranks of Boy Scouts and Girl Guides: the Civil Defence units are drawn up in formation, while a procession headed by the Mayor in chains and robes of office, supported by members of the Local Authority, and further fortified by representatives of the British Legion, almost engulfs the clergy and the choir, who are left to cut a comparatively insignificant figure somewhere at the tail-end. A person regularly attending divine service on any one of the other fifty-one Sundays of the year might well be forgiven for thinking that the Church on this one had temporarily become an adjunct of the barracks. Judging from my own experiences on these occasions, I can well believe that Mr. Newell's criticism of the British Legion for the part it plays in services whose purpose has a very different origin, is far from unjustified. This view is strongly supported by the *Church of England Newspaper*. "It is unfortunately true," it writes, "that on national occasions some branches of the British Legion (although by no means all) do appear to think that all arrangements must be made for their convenience and

that they are entitled to dictate the order of the service."

But these are subsidiary matters; the main question is whether a priest may justly be held by his Bishop to be unsuitable to take charge of a parish living, because he holds that Christ's teaching on the subject of non-resistance, given as it is without qualification or reservation, is applicable and should be applied to the activities of a community seeking to increase its skill in the organisation of mass slaughter.

Three points may, I think, relevantly be made. First, it might be plausibly maintained that persistent neglect of Christ's teaching by all States, so far from producing the desired effect of preventing war, has to-day brought mankind face to face with the possibility of its own self-destruction. Secondly, the very few occasions on which non-resistance has been practised on a large scale have not been unpromising, and it might be well argued that, as practised under the guidance of Gandhi in India, it played a considerable part in securing the withdrawal of the British. Thirdly, ever since I can remember, the Church of England has been constantly criticised for its attitude to war. The lines of this criticism are familiar and some of them have been followed in the present controversy. To permit an avowedly pacifist priest to take up the living to which he has been appointed would be an effective way of meeting some at least of these criticisms. The Church of England has always been renowned for the wide range of beliefs which it has allowed its members to profess. To-day you can doubt the Incarnation, the Ascension, the Resurrection itself—you can even doubt that Christ was more than a very good man, and openly avow your opinions in the pulpit without so much as a breath of censure. It would be a curious paradox if one of the things which a parish priest may not do is to take Christ's teaching on the subject of non-resistance seriously.

C. E. M. JOAD

"Wot, No Beef?"

GAD, Sir, Hogarth was right! Yet even the superb joint which figures with such symbolical prominence in *Calais Gate* was but a prophecy of things to come. For it was in the age after Hogarth that Englishmen taught the world how to grow good beef. Indeed, the conversion of the nondescript, general-purpose cattle of the Old Farming into efficient machines for making meat was one of the greatest economic triumphs of George III's time, and the legacy of the early breeders endures to this day. Just as you will find the mark of the British engineer wherever the men of any race use railways, so you will find the mark of the British stock-farmer wherever the men of any race systematically improve the meat-producing qualities of their cattle. "The Roast Beef of Old England" was no picturesque myth but solid industrial achievement, and it is significant that "beef-steak" is one of the words which, in distorted form, we have given to the *lingua franca* of the civilised world.

All this, of course, happened a long time ago and at first sight it seems tactless as well as academic to recall it now. Yet surely this contrast between past and present demands explanation, and the questions which history raises can be answered by history. Indeed, the vicissitudes which have befallen the beef-beast in the last century reveal with almost diagrammatic clarity many of the factors which so remorselessly control the amount of meat our butchers sell.

The first challenge to beef-production in this country began in the later years of the nineteenth century, when the advance of the White farmers into the virgin plains of the new countries overseas coincided with the development of refrigeration, which enabled meat to be shipped safely through the tropics. Home-bred meat, fattened either on heavily rented, carefully tended pasture or in yards on the by-products of an inherently expensive system of arable farming, could not compete in price with the produce of such new countries as Argentina, where the climate provided warm shelter and where lucerne, one of the most valuable of fodders, grew like a weed. Thus was established a pattern of competition which continued with minor variations till 1939, and towards the end of this period, when the invention of chilling enabled Argentine meat to be marketed over here in rich and juicy condition, even threatened our former supremacy in meat-quality. The Champion Beast, which John Moore saw in all its great-shouldered, deep-flanked glory at Tewkesbury Market on the eve of the First World War, represented, therefore, a tradition on the defensive. From this time onwards there was no increase of beef-cattle on British farms, and even this static level was partly maintained by farming habits and farming systems which took little account of costings or departmental balance sheets. Indeed, by the 1930s the fattening of yarded bullocks, one of the major trades of the mid-Victorian farmer, ranked high among the sounder methods of losing money. Drink, it was admitted, might be simpler, horses quicker and women pleasanter, but none was so reliable or so respectable as the good old bullock in the good old yard.

Thus was the British meat-beast weighed in the economic balance and found wanting. And his kingdom was given to his milk-producing sister. Her perishable product protected her from foreign competition; an expanding market awaited her wares; and a developing system of road-transport provided convenient methods of serving it. The rise to power of the dairy cow is, therefore, one of the major agricultural themes of the last generation; and between 1913 and 1937, while the beef cattle population stagnated, the number of dairy cattle in England and Wales rose from under 1,900,000 to over 2,300,000. Yet it is superficial to explain this shift in the bovine balance-of-power solely in terms of the familiar pre-war economic system. Admittedly, we could buy meat cheaply and conveniently from abroad but could only get fresh milk from our own farms. But, behold, the painful measure of self-sufficiency which war and economics have combined to thrust on these crowded islands since 1939 have not inspired any general revival of British beef-production. We can no longer afford the lavish imports of the old days and, in any case, the traditional meat-exporting countries are eating more of their produce at home; between 1938 and 1947, it has been estimated, the world output of meat increased by 2 per cent., but the amount exported decreased by 15 per cent. There is less meat to buy and we have less money wherewith to buy it. Nevertheless, despite every incentive to win more beef from our own land, the dairy cow, which yields meat only as a by-product, is still the mistress of the English fields.

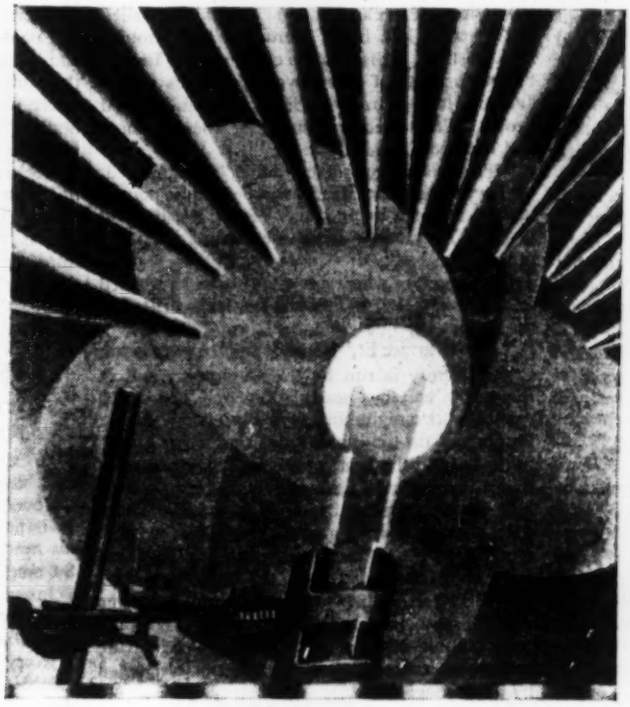
The key to this discrepancy between challenge and response lies, surely, in the nature of farming in these intensively cultivated islands. For the farm, to the physical eye so peaceful a form of economic enterprise, is really the seat of a bitter competitive war, where different plants and animals fight for every acre of English soil, for every hour of the farmer's time. And in this domestic struggle the dice are weighted against the beef-beast, for it is inherently a less efficient productive tool than the dairy-cow. Whether the input-output ratio of food is measured in terms of dry matter, energy, protein or fat, the beef-beast is an inferior machine for processing raw materials into the edible products desired by man. It is, indeed, one of the least efficient animals on the farm and, other things being equal, we could nearly always invest our limited agricultural resources in other forms of livestock which would yield us better returns.

In practice, of course, other things are *not* equal. The meat-producing pig, for instance, is hampered by its dependence on concentrate fodders, whereas the beef-beast can live on grass, which is the cheapest and most plentiful crop that this country produces. Further, even the victorious dairy-cow has her limitations. For one thing, her trade of milk-production demands heavy capital outlay on such things as hygienic buildings and expensive dairy equipment, while the bullock needs at most a simple yard and is commonly content with a field and a water-trough. For another, she is a relatively thin-skinned animal and on poor or exposed land of the type found in hill-districts cannot compete with her tougher rival. There are, therefore, certain individual farms and certain general farming areas where economics or nature favour the meat-beasts. But let us not deceive ourselves. Such farms and such areas are exceptional and, though their output may increase as official policy and private farming enterprise improve our neglected uplands, their acreage and inherent productivity is alike limited. Let us by all means lift up our eyes unto the hills. But let us expect from them help, not miracles.

It is, therefore, to the normal farming lowlands that we must look for any conspicuous increase in home-grown beef. And here our best hope, surely, lies in the improvement of our dairy stock. For though the meat-beast can seldom compete in open economic warfare with the milk-beast it can always occupy territory that she no longer requires. The better the individual cow and the higher the individual yield of milk, the less the collective demand of the National Dairy Herd on available land and labour and consequently the more scope for the meat-beast; it has been estimated, for instance, that if the present average milk-yield of some 600 gallons per cow per year could be raised to 800 gallons, no fewer than one dairy cow in six could be culled. Hence the importance of such factors-in-farming as artificial insemination and the improved veterinary science of our own day. The one improves cow-quality by making available to all herds the contribution of first-class bulls; the other reduces the wastage by disease which takes such heavy toll of our dairy cattle. More subtly, indeed, artificial insemination allows the beef-beast to claim a modest place in the dairy herd itself. For the farmer can now impregnate his poorer cows with the semen of a good beef-bull and so produce calves with a good beef-strain for fattening while his good cows breed dairy-calves.

It is, however, typical that the beef-beast should be the residuary legatee, not the chief beneficiary, of these scientific developments. For beef-production in this country depends on the grace and favour of its rivals rather than on its particular technical merits. Only in remote and hilly districts can it stand on its own industrial feet. By skill and ingenuity we can, no doubt, increase our home-output perceptibly, but we can only do so at economic cost within the limits imposed by the materials with which we work. Beyond these limits the price of home-bred beef makes it, in terms of the alternative foods sacrificed, a luxury product. And this country can only afford luxuries when it has successfully sought and ensued necessities.

NIGEL HARVEY



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ICI

Adriatic Eels

HUDDLED in a flat straw-lined boat, we glided seawards through the water-lanes of the lagoon, between humps of reclaimed marsh, lifeless but for the evil scuttle of crabs in the mud. We slid into a void, a suspension of time and place, grey sea dissolved into grey sky, shadowy forms of boatmen bent to their oars, behind us the lights of Comacchio floating in mist, around us the sea-grass shivering in the wind and the rhythmic clang of a dredger at work.

"Eels are curious creatures." The Director of the eel factory spoke almost tenderly, puffing his American cigarette, and staring ahead. "Most of the year these lagoons are ideal for them, but as they cannot mate except in very deep seas, such as the Caribbean, every autumn at the mating season they must leave these quiet waters. Eels hate light. So, on November nights, when the Adriatic is stung by the wind and deep-sea currents shudder into the lagoons, the excited eels are compelled to the open sea. Thus, for centuries they have been trapped by the fishermen."

He pointed to a bunch of lights ahead. "Those are fishing-huts built on the furthest mudflats. Between these and the land, a series of huge triangular pens has been constructed of interwoven stakes and rushes, graduated in size and overlapping, the apex of each triangle pointing seawards and opening with a gate into the base of a smaller triangle. The pattern forms a maze, the base of which, half a mile across, covers the shore, and the final apex is a tiny triangle, about six feet across, pointing a couple of miles out to sea. On stormy nights the fishermen open the gates between the pens, and the eels, in the throes of a tragic appetite, emerge from the inland lagoons and force their way through the successive triangles towards the open sea, only to be caught in the apex of the maze. Here we are!"

The boat nosed its way to the door of the hut, the lantern flickering over a score of swarthy faces as we clambered on to the jetty. Large cylindrical baskets, like lobster-pots, were suspended in the water round the hut, and the light gleamed on the tangled bundles of eels within.

A design of the fisheries in miniature was set in the threshold of the hut, that sinister arrow-head pattern of which this place was the tip. Inside, fishermen crowded round the heat of a great log-fire. On the embers lay a grill the size of a single bed, and on this a dozen or so eels roasted. The smell was overpowering. A monster was yanked off the grill, broken in two, and handed to us. The grease ran down our chins, and the blistered flesh tasted of woodsmoke.

On the way back to the factory, the Director talked in a deaf, expansive manner which stalled questions. I had heard there had been trouble in the district. It is a tough community. Italian, but with none of the easygoing virtues of the Italians, it is a race of fishermen, sullen and proud. The director glanced at the boatmen, and lowered his voice.

"There is always some trouble," he admitted. "I have to pay what the State orders. It is not my fault it is not a living wage. These are difficult people. They only tolerate me because I am one of them."

He pointed to where a torrent of sparks whirled into the night sky, and an oily fragrance drifted in the wind.

"The fires are lit," he said, suddenly cheerful.

The factory is run by the Commune, and in the season employs nearly 200 people. Men and women work a night-shift of eight to twelve hours. Barges sail up the canals from the outlying huts to the jetty in the heart of the factory, where they dump their living cargo. The eels are beheaded immediately. Under the arc-lamps wreathed in mist, a dozen men sit at their blocks on the jetty, crimson to the elbows, axes gleaming rhythmically, chop, chop, and chop, the bodies are flung into baskets, according to size and sex, and streams of thin fishy blood run back into the sea. The men were old, skilful, but unforthcoming. I had the impression that conversation was not welcomed by the management.

The Director flung open double-doors, and the sickening smell which hung over the factory burst upon us.

"The roasting room," he announced simply, and we stepped into Inferno.

It was a vast kitchen, and one wall seemed to be ablaze from floor to ceiling, lined with logs arranged in racks to form mammoth grills. In front of these, six-foot spits revolved one above the other, each spit threaded closely with curled eels, their natural grease dripping into the flames which leapt ever higher. Wild-eyed in the glare, turnspits crouched in alcoves between grills.

The scene was Hell, complete to each grotesque detail, the sucking roar of the furnace, the sizzling eel-fat, the strident confusion of women tending the garlands of spiked bodies, and above all the sense of grinding tempo in the work. A spit of eels is roasted in exactly twelve minutes; each grill of a dozen spits had its team of stoker, spitter, turnspits, and cooks.

Everyone paused to stare at us with hostile eyes. Embarrassed, I turned to watch a spitter. The fresh-killed slimy body held firmly in his left hand, a flick of the right hand, the spike shoved under the eye, a twist at the backbone piercing first one side then the other, precisely threaded, the batch pushed down tightly like a pearl necklace, pearl coloured . . .

"Pronto!" he yelled, the spit was snatched from him, and I followed it to the fire. Within twelve feet the heat was unbearable. At once, three women closed in on me, subtly isolating me.

"Well?" demanded one of them, sourly. Her hair was plastered with sweat.

"It's an interesting sight," I murmured, shielding my face.

"You can say that, my dear!" She jerked her head defiantly. "Just look at us!" I looked at her disastrous face.

"Hard work," I ventured.

"And for nothing!" she snapped back at me. They all three squealed in derision, suddenly hushed, and scuffled away. The Director stood at my elbow.

"Now the eels are put in the marinade, and tinned." He led me away, and in the cool packing-rooms we inspected serried rows of tins.

Afterwards in his office, which was modern and painted pale green, we sat drinking whisky-and-soda, the hum of the factory leaking through the shutters, the smell still clinging to our clothes. Later, the Director took us to dine at a fisherman's house, "for local colour" he explained. Eels were the fare, pickled, risottoed, grilled, and fried, all cooked on the hearth in front of our eyes. We had four sorts of excellent wine, liqueurs and coffee. The fisherfolk who lined the walls to watch us eat were interested and polite, possibly as impressed by the display of "local colour" as we were ourselves.

M. McMINNIES

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"Round and Round"

HE has all but run up the seventy-foot mast, to discover a swaying platform not three feet square. Just the thing: after a look round he stands on his head, levitates himself sideways, arches back. So much would appear routine, the unfurling of a human flag responsive to whimsical breezes. Our applause never fails to waft him, a cobweb on the ceiling, in some new direction.

Every afternoon and evening renews these gambols. The circus is back. Whips snap, spotlights reach higher, horses interlace to a music never quite theirs, elephants hold tails, clowns lament, riders burst through paper hoops, the sea-lion has magnetised his nose, and the lions look sorry, though not more than we for them. Round and round it goes, up and up. And at Harringay—where will be found Arnold's, the best circus I've seen—all eyes were fixed upon No. 15.

His flutterings, his projections this way and that must have almost exhausted themselves, when out of nowhere descends a chair. It will suit his pedestal nicely. But first, can't chairs be stood on their hind legs? No sooner purposed than done, he himself on top of all, to preserve the balance, realising a hand-stand (as I believe it's called) or hair-raising perpendicularity. So, upside down, to his satisfaction if not ours, he floats. We applaud, fearfully. A bad moment, but won't it pass? Yes, with the arrival of a second chair.

If only, with a wave, we could banish him, disentangle ourselves, revert to any among the precedent numbers! Irretrievable, now, is the calm of 14, a "Majestic Mixed Group of Tigers and Lions" in which one tiger would always be sidling off to lick at the lion next-door; and No. 13, those "whirling, twisting, turning somersaulting," but earth-bound acrobats, have been woven into tapestry. Then there were two gorillas, most life-like, who contented themselves with buckets of water and simple pole-climbs, one of them, when the heads were flung back, unmasking a woman. The sixth sea-lion as usual, playing truant, had got more than his share of herrings, but displayed a more than usual expertise in balancing lighted lamps while slithering up and down step-ladders. The elephant, sadly, had danced. Why? Even Milton, adumbrating the first circus, let him off with a writhing of the lithe proboscis: now he must hunch shoulders, shuffle feet, and make a final appearance in evening dress. Surely we have comedians enough without thrusting risibility on the most august of animals? The clowns, as it happens, are especially rich in variety and numbers, having a vast playground

outside the ring in which to unroll eternities of sleeve, go fishing, enact bull-fights, and take the dog (poodle-headed at both ends) for a run: here Death bicycled past, with his pal behind, two skeletons on a mission; possibly the sick lady on the couch, that seems languidly to perambulate itself, required them; they're too quick for her, racing on to claim with a grin a lanky, striped individual enjoying his first bathe of the season.

But the dreadful Now abolishes Then. The employment of the second chair grows urgent. He—ex-Olympic champion Tell Teigen—has decided there's no choice but to stack it on the first—squarely set—as waiters do towards closing time; except that here, with insinuations and leanings that nowise exaggerate the delicacy of the situation, the disposer must accommodate himself on what he disposes. Consider that! The chair slips—*his* little joke, in case we aren't interested. Then, just as we're resigning ourselves to the second chair—which has acquired a decided wobble—comes a third. We cannot but look, daren't groan, hesitate to clap. Our heads remain prayerfully lifted. Yet what prayer can we utter? That he should come down? How can he come down, when to do so means dislodging his sole means of support?

One of the clowns I remember to have come upon a similar problem *ambulando*, the heel of one boot pinning the other toe; the more he struggled to take a next step, the more self-rooted he became; then the lights went out, and even that solution was denied us. A favourite moment, by the way, with painters: the company of clowns and augustes disporting itself—and what's a clown but Papa, or oneself with grief and ailments coming on?—when suddenly the light is put out, the spotlights point, there's an entry of heroes or beasts, and the new act (or display, to use the preferred term) is sighted over a chiaroscuro of clowns in flight, one still twirling overhead a plate on a walking-stick. Harringay has the advantage that its circus wholly occupies the building, with no distraction of light or sound from adjacent fun-fairs, menageries, etc., so that the darkness here expunges, the hush can be felt: two essentials if any circus is to be itself and not a mere round-about of acts. Ideally the circus should be round, high, close, breeding familiarity and wonder.

Already—heaven-sent like the others—a *fourth* chair has alighted to join the ascending three; Teigen is still—only he knows how—on top. "No net!" whispers indignantly a lady nearby—"disgraceful!" What about regulations? But on with the net, off with the act. Dread, which has flown out of the wild-beast cages—every trainer now negligently turning his back—rules the height. The very best act of the evening has been (at thirty feet or so) the beautiful Pinito Del Oro who, without loss of grace, takes the swinging trapeze unsupported on her head, while her partner waits open-armed below. Where would the circus be without risk? Bedazzlement, fun, wonder—yes, but danger is the brandy that sets light.

And at last, despite everything, he—our thumb-screw Icarus—has managed to unchair himself and come down: young, handsome, dapper, a trifle pink from his exertions.

A fellow-journalist (I note retrospectively) writes with enviable sang-froid, or in obedience to his calling, of a *fifth* chair. Such there may be, though I didn't see it. Or perhaps the number varies according to the aerialist's form and mood, with afternoons when a mere three must satisfy, evenings of surrender, of triumph when he will soar into double figures . . . the while outside, dogs yawn at doorways, and an old woman makes much of negotiating the kerb.

G. W. Stonier

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PIONEERS IN MODERN PAPER TECHNOLOGY

The Arts and Entertainment

LOOKING BACK

I MUST admit that as I read through what I have written in this journal during the last year, I realise how perverse many of my opinions and evaluations have been. By perverse, however, I only mean unfashionable. I find myself opposed to the general taste of most official and semi-official bodies, such as the British Council, the Acquisitions Committee of the Tate Gallery and the I.C.A. Whether this is due to sheer cussedness, or, as I like to believe, to the fact that the "advanced" but really dated art, which these organisations largely support, has now lost its point and impetus—readers must judge for themselves. I mention it here in order to explain the absence, in my list of the year's achievements, of most of the obvious names.

I cannot share the current enthusiasm for Francis Bacon, and in his most recent works it seems that even what a year ago I called his flair for stage-managing, has now disappeared. Nor can I really applaud the success of the young British tong-and-stick sculptors at last year's Biennale. Among them Reg Butler and Kenneth Armitage are clearly genuine artists, but at the moment they are sadly undeveloped and repetitive. Equally, Graham Sutherland, Barbara Hepworth, Victor Pasmore, Lucien Freud, Eduardo Paolozzi have all appeared to mark time, or slip backwards—whilst all having enough talent to make this regrettable.

Leaving aside the "master" exhibitions—the incredible Degas Bronzes, the Ravenna Mosaics, the 20th Century Masterpieces, the following shows seem to me to have been important. First and foremost that of Affandi, the Indonesian. In this all the official bodies missed a golden opportunity of acquiring the work of a great artist. Secondly, the 1952 Young Contemporaries' show. This definitely established the existence, amongst young painters, of the realist trend which critics spent the rest of the year arguing about. The outstanding names were Derrick Greaves, Ewan Uglow, John Flavin and Edward Middleditch. Thirdly, the exhibition of the young Frenchman Paul Rebeyrolle and his friends, which demonstrated that a similar trend was making itself felt on the Continent. Fourthly, that of the poetic Portuguese painter, Vieira Da Silva.

Among individual works which I remember with excitement and would like to see again are Peter Lanyon's landscape *Trevalgan No.* 2, Ruskin Spear's Academy portrait *Ernie*, Keith Vaughan's *Leaping Man*, a ravine landscape by David Bomberg in the London Group before last, Brian Robb's portrait of Edward Wakeford in the recent one, various occasional works by William Roberts, a nude by Martin Froy, a storm landscape by Norman Adams, and Kokoschka's portrait of Max Reinhardt.

Among facts I would like to forget: the new, ludicrous mosaic in the National Gallery, the aquisition of the Dali crucifixion by Glasgow Art Gallery, the general, mealy-mouthed praise accorded the Brangwyn exhibition.

JOHN BERGER

LE LAC DES CYGNES

Le Lac des Cygnes is by far the most perfect of the popular, full-length classical ballets, including *Giselle*, which in its story and score is often crude to the point of banality. But the score and story of *Le Lac des Cygnes* are nearly perfect—perfectly balanced in mood and variety; while the choreography, as it has come down to the Sadler's Wells company from Petipa and Ivanov, via Nicolai Sergeyev, has many of the most moving and beautiful ensembles ever designed for ballet. Tchaikovsky's music develops without any of his sickly tunes, and with atmospheric brilliance, from the pastoral peasant scene of the first act to the lyrical enchantment of the second lake scene; this is counterbalanced by the sumptuous sensuality of the court, after which, in the final return to the lake with the lovers' suicide and apotheosis, the music achieves the rarified romanticism of fairy dreams.

It is interesting to compare this Sadler's Wells version with that of the Russian, as seen in the film, *Gala Festival*, at the Berkeley, which consists of excerpts from opera and ballet at the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow. The Russian rendering is plainly very much modernised, for the *corps de ballet* is all over the stage, in gymnastic formations that are nothing like the strictly conventional patterns used by Petipa and other nineteenth-century choreographers for their *corps de ballets*. But this *corps* is most exquisitely drilled, without losing its vitality; there is never that one arm dragging just a little behind the others or a head inclined at a different angle, as can be seen as Covent Garden. On the other hand, a general vulgarisation is apparent, even in the choreography for the ballerina, who interprets the Swan Princess as literally as possible, undulating with a sinuous strength that is reminiscent of the movement of a swan's neck; indeed there is never a rounded or soft *port de bras* to relieve the wriggling. Yet in the two interpretations of Odette that are shown there is a technical strength and polish that exceed any of our own ballerinas. The Russian dancers seem to balance and move from their spines, which are flexible and strong, and it is interesting to note that the only British dancer who has achieved this elasticity is Violetta Elvin, who was herself trained in Russia.

Last week Nadia Nerina took on the principal Odette—Odile role in *Le Lac des Cygnes* at Covent Garden. She is a firm little dancer, compact and sensible in manner—much too much so for the tragic and poetic qualities required of her by Odette. She was much more at home in the hard brilliance of Odile's character; yet all the while she appeared rather like a clever child, for though technically competent she seemed to be unaware of the emotional requirements of the part. This new production has greatly improved decor and costumes by Leslie Hurry, whose addiction to squiggles is hardly noticeable this time, while the two fresh numbers with choreography by Frederick Ashton give more variety and lighten the first and third acts.

To return to the film, *Gala Festival*, there are besides the classical work, excerpts from Prokofiev's ballet, *Romeo and Juliet*. In this the ballerina Galina Ulanova dances Juliet, and, for the first time I have seen her filmed, conveys something of the brilliance for which she has been so long acclaimed by those who have seen her dance in the flesh. She has certain individual oddities which she overcomes or uses with great artistry. Her stance is strangely awkward, yet as Juliet this becomes a youthful kind of gaucherie that is both beautiful and moving; her figure is peculiarly wide and flat across, yet her interpretation at the age of something over forty of a girl of thirteen is radiant. If only Sadler's Wells could send this kind of filmed sample of their work to the Soviet Union, perhaps the long whispered and hoped for exchange of Russian and British ballet companies would be forwarded, and the scepticism of both sides allayed.

ANNABEL FARJEON

THE MOVIES

"Les Jeux Interdits," at the Academy

I HAD promised myself two treats for the new year: *Casque d'Or*, missed during a vacation, and *Limelight*, returned to. The second will certainly be mine, but *Casque d'Or* I have, for the time being lost. Just as I had decided that I couldn't protract my non-attendance at the Academy any longer, came an invitation to *Les Jeux Interdits*. Had this turned out to be poor or mediocre, I should no doubt have cancelled arrangements in order to catch the last day of Becker's film; but as it happens, *Les Jeux Interdits* banishes for the moment all other films. The more so because, frankly, I had expected of it—a film considerably spoken of—a good deal less. Clement, its director, was already known to us by *Bataille du Rail*, a stirring enough documentary of sabotage on the French railways during the occupation; *Les Maudits*, a distinguished melodrama of a submarine, but still melodrama; and *Au delà des Grilles*, one of those atmospheric crime pieces that, since Carné, seem inevitable to budding talent. But Clement had been rather long budding, and—with Gabin gone a little grey—too near Carné. One other film of Clement I encountered, a North African camera-diary shown or thrown to us at the Biarritz Festival of 1950, and yarned about by Clement himself. He seemed as supremely pleased with it as he was contemptuous of all else, but one's dislike for arrogance was mitigated by flashes of talent. Success, obviously, would be his, but what kind of success? That of *Les Jeux Interdits* comes, to me at any rate, as a more than pleasant surprise.

Every good war film is an anti-war film, and I don't know that the last war has produced a better. Like *La Grande Illusion*, its glimpse is not direct but reflective. It starts on one of those packed roads outside Paris bombed by the Nazis in 1940: down they swoop, again and again to blast and harass the long line of refugees; a car won't start and is overturned in a field; a terrified horse starting off drags an empty cart away into the landscape; a little girl crouching on the road with her parents as the machine-gun bullets kick the dust remains the only one alive out of three; clutching her dead puppy she too makes off from the highway of death.

Only a few fields away peasants work as always. The little girl is found by a boy rounding up a lost cow, who takes her home with him. Pretty little orphan! They crowd about, kindly, distrustful of her origins (doesn't know a crucifix when she sees one), of neighbours, of the war. Soon, in this queer lull after horror, she and the boy have evolved a secret game: the cemetery game. A funeral of old country sort has put them on the track of burials and crosses. Under a windmill they make graves for the puppy, for robins, chickens, moles, worms; at first the crosses are of their own making; then they steal from the churchyard, and finally from the high altar. We are charmed, amused, shocked, touched by the innocencies of this idyll, the clear tones of which can never detach themselves from their undertone of tragedy. Such games, we feel, making play with what fate has scattered, must have entered many children's lives; and Clement's achievement (and that of his author and fellow script-writer, François Boyer) is that he has understood and sympathised with them and can take them naturally. From the two children, Georges Foujouly and Brigitte Fossey, he has inveigled performances almost uncannily faultless. His feeling, his pictorial skill have deepened out of all recognition. 1953 will be hard put to it to discover a film graver, liver, lovelier and more truthful than this.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

HALF-HIDDEN by the wave of festive and retrospective broadcasting, several notable programmes by or concerning poets have attended the observant listener. The first in time was William Empson's reading and discussion of some of his recent work. This was a most deliberate and exact performance; yet I have rarely been stirred to so lively an interest by a group of contemporary poems read by its author. Mr. Empson keeps for his verse a special and indescribable voice—a metaphysical voice, it might be correct to call it—which is not in the least like the one he uses for his commentary. Yet, if this results in him presenting his love poems in the sardonic tones of a seventeenth-century New England elder directing the trial of a witch, certainly not a word is lost, and for some time after, one loses the taste for any other sort of verse delivery; the ordinary voice seems insipid, something less than positive. Robert Graves's *Personal Anthology* was an account of his own

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poetic discoveries as a boy at Charterhouse in 1910. Graves is a restless and reluctant speaker; but what he says is always remarkable; it is never without a flash of original fire. Starting with Skelton, and a truly magnificent reading by John Laurie of *Speke Parot*, he traced his course through the early poetry (in "rough translation") of Ireland and of Wales, the glass castle of death from the Mabinogion, the cold of the ancient Irish winter:

> The ancient eagle of Glen Rye
> Is plagued by the bitter wind;
> Great her misery and pain,
> There will be ice upon her tongue.

Last, we had the brilliant talk by Frank Kermode on *Marvell and the Ingenious Reader*. This with its calm and easy manner, was not only an instance of spoken literary criticism at its best, but went straight to a fundamental problem in the understanding of poetry—the interpreting of the work of one age in the terms of another—a difference, as we know, that can be felt between two living generations. With Marvell, as he pointed out, we cannot attempt to extract a man from the work; we must dismiss the critical escape route of biography. "Marvell is too hard for us. . . . We do not really know the nature of the soil in which he grows." Yet, in leaving on a note of question, he did ingeniously suggest a key to the answer, which the seventeenth-century readings that followed served to elaborate.

There was an interesting quality about *The Railway King*, a feature on the nineteenth-century Yorkshireman George Hudson, produced by Denis Mitchell, and written by Denis Mitchell and C. E. Webber. At the outset, it seemed to have the air of following the conventional feature pattern of the Home Service biography, but it proved to be thoroughly neatly planned and fast-moving under a deliberate impression of ruggedness. At intervals throughout, as prelude or commentary, the events were marked by verses of what I take to be an imaginary street ballad on the rise and fall of the one-time ploughboy; this device lent to the material a wild and sometimes mocking note which I found most impressive.

Arthur Calder-Marshall opened for Third Programme listeners an unexpected family cupboard in his stylish talk *A Colossal Bronze* about a sculptor (William Calder-Marshall) who set out to create a demand for a public monument: the statue to Dr. Jenner, in fact, which stands today in Kensington Gardens. Here was a moral tale indeed, illustrating not only the virtues of Self-Help but its ultimate hazards. *Remember Your Manners*, by Daniel George, provided reflections of another sort; in this the speaker, with a sage and quizzical detachment, offered a selection from his own vast anthological stores to illustrate changes in social usages in the last fifty years.

The half-hour feature on "Foxhunter" did not set out to be anything but informative; this suited me well, however, and I listened with attention, confirmed at the end in my view that it was not the horse's owner but the gifted and genial creature itself who should have received the award in the recent Birthday Honours. "Foxhunter", by the way, did not appear in the programme; nor, as is usual in biographical features, was he represented by an actor.

NAOMI LEWIS

"Boris Godunov," at Covent Garden

The current revival of Mussorgsky's masterpiece is the finest since the war. It is true that the Rimsky-Korsakov version is back again; but, whatever purists may say, there is more than one side to that question. It is also true that the scene in Pimen's cell is now placed, nonsensically, *before* the Coronation Scene; for this there can be no justification. In all other respects the improvement is immense. The very first phrase revealed the sympathetic and authentic style in which Issay Dobrowen was to handle the entire score; his tempi were always convincing, and he obtained consistently beautiful sound from both orchestra and chorus. On the stage, many absurdities of the Brook-Wahkevitch production have vanished. Boris's children now play in a credible room with a credible clock; Edith Coates (as the Hostess) no longer plucks a property duck just because she is singing an erotic folksong in which the word occurs; and Boris dies (as he should) in the presence of the boyars. Nicola Rossi-Lemeni, every inch a Czar, deserves his great success. He has a commanding presence, a mastery of dramatic gesture and a magnificently resonant voice. Like other exponents of the part, he lapses too readily into *parlando*, an effect which should be sparingly used; but his death scene, culminating in a startling stage fall, was as moving and impressive as any seen since the time of Chaliapin.

D.S.-T.

"The Rake's Progress," on the Third Programme

The B.B.C. has made a good start to the New Year in giving us three carefully studied performances of Stravinsky's opera, which is to be produced next autumn at the Edinburgh Festival. Unless we are out-and-out Stravinskyans, we are likely to find ourselves in two minds about this work. On the one hand, we are instantly won over by the bright, luminous texture, the sheer freshness of the sound, the unfailing musical expertise which fills the score. When, on top of this we encounter a real inspiration (such as Tom's Cavatina in the Brothel Scene of the first act, and indeed the whole of that scene), we are tempted to proclaim the work a masterpiece. Act 2 cools us off. The Auden-Kallman libretto, always neatly shaped, begins to show a sad poverty of content: neither the Bearded Lady nor the Stone-into-Bread Machine amounts to much as a dramatic idea, and the latter makes a particularly feeble second-act finale to a buffo opera. There is a simultaneous, and perhaps consequent, decline in the musical invention; for instance, the buffo duets between Tom and Nick have no real impulse. The third act, with its sinister churchyard scene and the transfigured pathos of the Bedlam finale, restores the level and perhaps, in a stage performance, would redeem the whole. That remains to be seen. Paul Sacher conducted the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in a performance of fine quality. Alexander Young sang Tom's music more cleanly and pointedly than the original interpreter of the part at Venice. Gwen Catley's voice is rather light for Anne, but she sang with expressive simplicity. Otakar Kraus, the original Nick Shadow, again mauled phrases which ought to be distinctly delivered; but Anna Pollak made a vividly aggressive Bearded Lady.

D.S.-T.

Max Chapman, at the Leger Gallery

Bonnard, Ruszkowski, and possibly Chagall: thus the superficial critic could define the influences behind these paintings before dismissing them. But, in fact, Chapman is a genuine colourist; he experiences atmosphere, mood, personality, and, when he is most successful, even structure, in terms of colour. In his best paintings (Nos. 2, 3, 6, 10, 12, 14) the colour not only vibrates, but pulses, rams, yields, is the actual sensual condition of their life, the equivalent of the flesh. Stand back from the *Picnic* landscape and notice how the bright figures on the far side of the valley, beneath the convincing but never-seen blue of the sky, create the precise atmosphere of a particular day—the nearness of distant voices, the stillness of the foliage emphasised by the bark of a dog, the day's almost erotic sultriness. Look at *No. 6 Pastoral* and recognise how the colours form their visual, slightly earthier, counterpart to *Sheep may safely graze*. If, however, such lyrical colour is the equivalent of the flesh, it is imperative that the skeleton underneath must also be implied and understood. If the senses are to be satisfied, however luxuriantly, there must also somewhere be a rawness, an awkwardness. Chapman's very fine standing nude would bleed blood; his sitting one only flake like pastry. His self-portrait is bad and several other pictures fail for the same reason: because spatial drawing and hardness of structure have been sacrificed and flattened to clear the canvas for a mere colour scheme. But his successes promise that if Chapman now works, eschewing all tenderness, passionately, almost angrily, letting harmony remain a by-product instead of an aim, he will eventually do more than delight us.

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"The Man," at Her Majesty's

This is a piece of pure sensationalism, whose only point is to tear at the nerves of the audience. A widow contrives to get herself shut up alone in her house with a homicidal maniac. For the whole duration of the play they prowl round one another, mentally and physically, she trying to find ways of escape by fooling or placating him, he foolable up to a point but each time brought back to his ghastly obsession by some coincidence or misdirected action of hers. It is a kind of beastly cat-and-mouse hunt brought to an end by a kill in the last few seconds. To say that it was quite without interest would not be true, for the piece, it must be admitted, is skilfully contrived to raise and lower the tension from moment to moment, to keep opening the doors for her escape only to close them in her face in the last seconds. But that is the whole of the interest, and except for the very morbidly minded it is not nearly enough. Miss Joan Miller is the victim and she brings to the unrewarding part all the obsessional power of which she is capable: she deserves a better role. Mr. Bernard Braden, as the lunatic, is quietly efficient in a part which could only be redeemed by a display of histrionic fireworks. T. C. W.

"Intimacy at Eight," at the New Lindsey

The first of this year's intimate revues sets itself a high standard in the first half of the evening and then proceeds to fall below it in the second. It rallies at the end with two of the best sketches written since Herbert Farjeon. A clever trio of writers, headed by Peter Myers, provides intermittently clever entertainment. One moment they give us a Restoration Mrs. Dale that is as funny as anything I have ever seen in revue, the next a *pastiche* on Existentialist drama that is as dead as an old boot. When the authors aren't being original, they prefer the hoariest chestnuts. Why, at this late day and age, is that dreary snook still being cocked at the Booth-Ziegler school of winesong? The credit side amply atones for such lapses. It includes a spiv Santa Claus, a Brigham Young popsy and a New Elizabethan *roué* intent on remembering the Salad Bowl instead of Romano's. There is an uproarious "Escapers All" sketch, a Rita Hayworth musical version of Maugham's *Rain* and a dead-pan rendering of an Ensa Show (Class D) that, for truth and malice, should bring a blush to the collective cheek of wartime Drury Lane. The cast is admirable. J. N. B. R.

Correspondence

PRAGUE PURGE

SIR,—Before our memory of the Prague trial fades, we should do well to ponder one moral it holds for democratic Socialists in the West. The testimonies given in the trial show that the Soviet Union and its satellites do not want co-operation with the West. The Russians are trying to integrate the economies of the Eastern European countries with their own. In this they are having a considerable measure of success. The U.N. Economic Bulletin for Europe estimates that trade between the Eastern European Countries in 1951 was running at $2.400 m., compared with $124 m. pre-war. It follows that trade agreements between Western Europe and countries like Czechoslovakia did not fit in with Russia's plans. There was a danger of the Czechs developing their traditional pattern of industry—a pattern that was not complementary with that of the rest of the Soviet bloc. Slansky at his trial, in fact, stated that his policy had been one of holding up the development of heavy industry and expanding light industry, thus making Czechoslovak industry dependent upon capitalist markets, and thereby hampering not only Czechoslovakia's economic development, but also that of the other Peoples' Democracies. Whether Slansky actually furthered such a policy is doubtful; the material fact is that the Russians did not want it and feared its consequences. To quote a further example, Frejka, one of the accused, said "We made provisions in the Five-Year Plan for excessive quantities of consumer goods to be exported to Western countries . . . " Similarly, Frejka stated that when negotiating a commercial treaty with the U.S.S.R. " . . . I pressed the U.S.S.R. to buy from us light industry products which the U.S.S.R. did not need."

Many specific examples of such "economic sabotage" were quoted during the course of the trial. Two are especially worthy of mention. One was a project to export a pencil-making factory to Israel. This, it was held at the trial, was intended to damage Czechoslovakia in two ways—by tying her to a company in the capitalist world and by depriving her of urgently needed machinery. The other was the export of television valves to Britain. Margolius admitted that this "directly endangered Czechoslovakia's defence potential"—an interesting admission in the light of Communist criticism of our own restrictions. Sometimes it is difficult to find a logic in these confessions. For instance, Margolius pleaded guilty to having made damaging trade agreements with Sweden, Norway, Belgium, Holland and Iceland for the *import* of fish; but later in his testimony he admitted endangering "the provisioning of the Czechoslovak people" by the export of *meat* to Western Europe. But even here the ultimate moral is clear enough. Any foreign trade which undermines the self-sufficiency of the Soviet Bloc is wrong.

The trial would also appear to show that there is little hope for attempts at direct co-operation or even mediation between East and West in the political and diplomatic field. In particular, those who pretend to see differences between the Peoples' Democracies and the U.S.S.R. are in for a rude awakening. Slansky declared " . . . I remember Zilliacus asking me about my views as regards a people's democracy, and the dictatorship of the proletariat. I stated that I thought the system of the people's democracy to be fundamentally different from that of the dictatorship of the proletariat, thereby intimating to Zilliacus that I supported *the counter-revolutionary concept of a specific Czechoslovak road to Socialism.*" So now we know; and we know also that the reward for trying to emphasise the brighter features in Eastern Europe is to be denounced as a spy. Note the words of the prosecutor in his summing-up:

> But among all these agents a special place is held by Konni Zilliacus, master of political jugglery. This apparently venerable gentleman travels through Europe and his most heart-felt desire is to dispel all slanders spread in the West about the Soviet Union and the peoples' democracies. He introduces himself with the mask of a progressive Labour member. He often came here as a guest. He will never come again; his act has ended. We have torn his theatrical mask off. Under it the true face of the political swindler and imperialist agent has appeared, the officer of the Intelligence Service whose fingers are everywhere . . . We are offering British workers our fraternal advice to beware of this gentleman.

Zilliacus's only crime was that he was too friendly to the cause of the People's Democracies. Your own contributors Alexander Werth and Richard Crossman were more critical, and perhaps that is why less abuse has been showered at them. Werth was merely a "British spy" and Dick Crossman "the Jewish Nationalist . . . who before the war worked for the British Intelligence Service." In fact, everything and everybody that was once "progressive" and anti-Fascist is now "reactionary," "Fascist" and "imperialist." The Czech Refugee Trust Fund was a cover for the British Secret Service; the Fields, who once did so much to help refugees from Czechoslovakia, were agents of the O.S.S.; support for the United Front policy in 1935 was a deviation; so also in effect was membership of the International Brigade in Spain; Unrra was an attempt by the U.S. to enslave the economies of Eastern Europe; so was the Marshall Plan; while the late President Benes who strove all his life for an agreement with the U.S.S.R. is posthumously called an imperialist agent. Perhaps the prosecutor has forgotten that President Gottwald was Prime Minister of the Czech Government which would, if it had been allowed to do so, have accepted the invitation to join the Marshall Plan, and it was Gottwald who later gave President Benes a State funeral which he himself attended.

We may never know exactly why this purge took place; we can only guess. But it is surely clear that when Orwell in his novel, *1984*, described the rewriting of history to fit changes in State policy, or when Koestler said that self-accusation was the supreme duty of any true Communist, they were describing something that was not a fantasy, but which exists in the world to-day.

9 Harman Drive, N.W.2. DAVID GINSBURG

SIR,—Mr. Calder-Marshall manages to read assumptions into Mr. Gallacher's letter which appear to me quite unjustifiable. To my mind the assumptions were simple and open and can be stated explicitly something like this:—(a) The present American rulers are preparing for a "showdown" with Communism which, if it comes off, can only result in a world war in which the Czech people would suffer some of the horrors which have devastated Korea and in which many hundreds of thousands would lose their lives. (b) As part of the preparation for this "showdown" the American (and British) Secret Service has concentrated on securing agents within the ranks of the Communist Parties in

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Eastern Europe, taking advantage of the loss of many of the best leaders in the struggle against the Nazis at the same time as enormous new tasks requiring every available scrap of leadership had to be undertaken. (c) In these circumstances those who have been convicted of being such American agents should be executed.

If Mr. Calder-Marshall wished to attack these assumptions he would be justified in doing so, but he would be well advised to read the first two chapters of Montagu's *Plot Against Peace* beforehand. He would then know the sort of brief which the Czech Government has before it in deciding on the degree of danger involved in point (a). But what he is not justified in doing, is in putting an assumption into Mr. Gallacher's letter which is not there and then discussing it as though it were.

Political errors or differences of opinion have nothing to do with the matter. In the case of the great controversy with the Trotskyists in the Soviet Union between the wars, as long as it was thought that Trotsky and his friends were merely guilty of political error they were time and again reinstated in responsible positions on acknowledging their errors. Only when they were found to be agents of the Nazis were they executed. It is as self-confessed agents of the American Secret Service, at a time when peace and the most dreadful war in history hang in the balance, that Slansky and his fellow conspirators have been executed.

Confession to being an agent of an openly hostile and aggressive Power is hardly likely to have been made out of "selfless loyalty to the party," and Mr. Calder-Marshall's analogy to British politics is clearly nonsense once this central fact is included, as is the whole charge of execution for political nonconformity which he and others make in relation to the Slansky trial. One must really ask such disingenous people what they think the $100,000,000 of the Mutual Security Act are being spent on. J. W. JEFFERY

SIR,—Mr. W. Gallacher's letter cuts with a clean edge. It confirms me in a realisation that if I were forced to make a political decision it would be the opposite to Mr. Frankel's. Why is this, seeing that I cling to my £1,000-a-year amenities, and take every precaution not to let anybody know my feelings in the matter, do not even read any Leftist journal other than yours? Are there many similar to me? As one of our craftsmen in the factory—earning around £20 weekly—said before Xmas: "I like my tot of whiskey and my electric blanket these nights. I suppose I really think more about such comforts than about striking out on my own, or into real politics." He is a Labour councillor with a regard for Bevan and, I feel sure, a great hope that Russia will "win through."

Like him, I wonder at the Prague trials, but I get indignant about the American witch-hunts. I appreciate—frigidly, I'm afraid—the great help Americans are giving primitive Asians, but am thrilled when I hear of a Soviet power plant going into action. I know little of Mr. Gallacher, except that he was a parliamentary nuisance, but he whips me like a conscience.

I think as deeply as the *Manchester Guardian*, *N. S. & N.* and *Observer* can prepare me for thought. Beyond that I fire at every mention of the squat, coarse, lively free Russian, even more than at Tito. I see I have written "free." How does freedom show itself except in an alert, zestful outlook on life?

The Prague trials take some swallowing—but I can swallow 'em and point retaliatingly and perhaps unjustly to the Rosenberg and Lattimore trials. What does this mean? For I am not extraordinary. I enjoy the open air, music and literature—though I am not moved by political intellectuals—and do not think I have a large guilt complex because Mr. Gallacher rouses me. Where does this faith in Russia come from—will it be a power in our country if Russia and America do join combat?

PETTY BOURGEOIS

SIR,—It is either naive or disingenuous on the part of "Critic" to pretend that I have seen some analogy between the points at issue in the recent Prague trial and the "Bevanite" quarrel in the Labour Party. My specific reference to "results most unfortunate for Britain, and especially for the British workers," of what took place within our Labour Party "just before and just after the end of the last war" should make it quite clear that my meaning was precisely the contrary to that which has "nauseated" him: that during that period the Labour Party has been infiltrated by opportunists and careerists, as well as by individuals whose speeches and actions lay them open to suspicion of having been "planted" there by the enemies of the British workers and of Socialism, and that the influence of such persons, and of their like already within the Labour movement, effectively wrecked the prospects of Socialism in Britain and of international peace based on Socialist foreign policy, which Labour's overwhelming triumph in 1945 seemed to herald. EDGAR P. YOUNG

[Critic writes: "Mr. Young's correction makes no difference to my point, which was that it is nauseating to justify the Prague trial by analogy with Western politics, without so much as mentioning that eight of yesterday's Communist heroes were hanged."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE RED TAPE CURTAIN

SIR,—As the following interesting letter I have received from the United States refers obliquely to your paper as well as to myself I feel it may be of interest to your readers. Certainly it conveys I think more vividly than press reports the atmosphere of smear, suspicion and unreason that McCarthy, like Titus Oates before him, has managed to impose on a section of his countrymen. GRAHAM GREENE

Dear Mr. Greene,

You have earned the gratitude of the American people by refusing a visa to the United States. You will please us still further in the future by not even applying for one. There are enough of the home grown variety of ex-Communists and fellow travellers here already. No need for any "furriners." May I suggest instead that you turn your talents to securing a visa to Russia where you will be welcomed with open arms. I anticipate much less trouble for you there. We beseech you please do not on any account honor us with your presence in this country. It is enough to have to live in the same world with you.

Unfortunately, my womanly intuition tells me that if you have not already landed here you will all too soon come to these shores—your half-baked statements to the contrary. No truer words were ever writ than "A man is known by the company he keeps" to which may be added also by the periodicals he contributes to.

Sincerely,

L. ETTINGER

P.S. If this is a publicity gag then I feel sorry for you to have to sink so low. Won't you make 150,000,000 Americans happy and stay on your side of the ocean?

TITO AND STEPINAC

Sir,—I submit that it is quite untrue that "under Pavelich the Roman Catholic Hierarchy in Croatia revived the ancient practice of mass conversion by fire and sword." On the contrary, the repugnant notion of a "forcible conversion" of Serbs to Catholicism was strongly denounced by Archbishop Stepinac during the war, notably in a letter to Pavelich dated November 20, 1941. There is, I think, no evidence whatever to suggest that such a monstrous thing was ever advocated by any Catholic prelate. No Catholic could be so ill-instructed as to think that "forcible conversion" could have any value. If Archbishop Stepinac, being Archbishop of Zagreb, was chaplain-general to the Pavelich forces, was this wrong of him? Should an Archbishop refuse the service of chaplains to soldiers in a war of which he disapproves? Would you (or Mr. Zilliacus) maintain that the consolations of religion should be reserved for those who fight in a righteous cause? Does a priest degrade himself by serving as a chaplain in one of Her Majesty's prisons?

The origins of the quarrel of Marshal Tito's Government with Archbishop Stepinac should be studied more closely. In September, 1945, the newspapers of Yugoslavia published photographs showing the celebrations in Zagreb on the occasion of the establishment of the People's Government in Croatia. The Archbishop was there as the honoured guest of the regime, together with his Auxiliary Bishop; Dr. Bakarich, the new People's Premier of Croatia, presided; and other guests of honour included the Soviet military attaché and the officer commanding the People's Army in Zagreb. But a few days after this the Bishops met, and Archbishop Stepinac was the principal signatory of a Pastoral Letter, dated September 20, 1945, which objected to the way the People's authorities were sentencing many Catholic priests to death without trial and interning many others in a way that should be only shocking to a liberally minded man such as you, Sir, are. It was only after this Pastoral Letter that the People's authorities began to say that the Archbishop was a quisling and a war criminal; they arrested and tried him in the following year, because he continued to object to features of their Revolution to which any Catholic was bound to object.

When you maintain that there is no persecution of religion in Yugoslavia to-day, the simplest thing is to refer to the "London Diary" contributed to your issue of November 22 by Mr. Graham Greene. It may be true that the Patriarch of Serbia, as you say, denies that there is any persecution, but not all your readers may remember the curious circumstances of the Patriarch's election in 1950. The election was due to take place on June 10 of that year, and it was widely expected that the choice would fall on the Metropolitan Josip of Skoplje. The election had to be postponed at the last minute, however, owing to the unexplained failure of a necessary quota of the electors to arrive. The Metropolitan Josip was then arrested, on a charge of conspiring to bring back King Peter. The charge was not proceeded with, and he was soon released, but meanwhile the election had taken place and a Patriarch had been chosen who was well known for his support for the régime.

128 Sloane Street, S.W.1. MICHAEL DERRICK

[Critic writes: "Mr. Graham Greene was careful to avoid overstatement. That there is discrimination against Roman Catholics in Yugoslavia both he and I agree."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—In all this turmoil regarding Marshal Tito, it has been forgotten that Stephen Radic, the adored leader of the Croat Peasant Party, which held almost all the seats in that province, was continually at loggerheads with the Catholic Church on account of the vast areas they possessed, and on which they paid very inadequate taxes. I was fairly often with him, for instance at a meeting on a Sunday in Croatia. The Archbishop, Dr. Bauer, had forbidden his adherents to attend what he called the meetings of anti-Christ, but the people went in thousands; we had a band at each end of the procession. In the middle of his oration, it struck midday; Radic crossed himself and then resumed his attack on the Church. We afterwards lunched at the largest house in the village, which belonged to the priest. If Radic were alive to-day he would assuredly be for Tito against Stepinac.

The other day a lady who for twenty years was Reader in English at Ljubliana University, and whom I had met there, came to see me. From her I have had an interesting story of the Church in Slovenia, where under King Alexander reforms were introduced.

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Under the Regency, the Church regained its predominant position, so that, when the German army was expected in 1940, many people said they would offer no opposition, as Hitler could not be worse than Prince Paul. However, they did put up a very gallant resistance, until they heard that, in neighbouring Croatia, the Archbishop had immediately called on the criminal-quisling Pavelic, so that the result was chaos.

Quite apart from the undisputed acts of Stepinac—high treason, as the Yugoslav army was still resisting the invaders in Bosnia—and his pastoral letters to the clergy to work for the establishment of an independent Croatia—I have a terrible list of priests who listened to him and were most active in the forcible conversions of Eastern-Orthodox Yugoslavs, many of whom lost their lives in the process (though they were assured that their souls would be saved). This is no mere hearsay—I have names of the priests and where they operated. In Glina church, for example, in the early summer of 1941 between 300 and 400 men, women and children were burned alive. Priest Sreko Peric of the Gorica monastery declared in a sermon: "Kill all Serbs. First of all kill my sister, who married a Serb... When you finish this work come to me here in the church and I will confess you and free you from sin." There is a photograph of the monk Miroslav Filipovic in the garb of a Franciscan and in the uniform he afterwards wore as commandant of the concentration camp of Jasenovac, where he admitted to the murder of 40,000 persons. It is not known that Stepinac ever discouraged his clergy from taking part in such affairs. There are photographs of him wearing a high decoration granted by Pavelic and shaking his hand.

Tito is being criticised because he has decided that a youth must be at least 15 years of age before entering a seminary. Surely he should rather be congratulated for ending the R.C. practice of sending little boys to such institutions. When Tito is accused of ill treatment of Stepinac it is not remembered that he merely requested the traitor to leave the country and, when he refused, did no more than intern him. Surely that is pretty lenient. The separation of Church and State, as in France, has not by any means meant that State aid is not given to the Church. The Yugoslav people are naturally broadminded—when I was last there all the religions were being subsidised by the State except one—I think the Adventists—which was against military service. Dr. Spaho, a Muslim, was Minister of Religions, and King Alexander got Dr. Alkalay, the Chief Rabbi, to play bridge with him two or three times a week simply because he was a very good player. It is now said that some Catholic clergy are imprisoned. Well, I have given a few instances of their behaviour, and those guilty of such crimes should think themselves lucky to be allowed to survive. At the same time, both the Serbian and the Croat Parliaments, have among their prominent members clergymen who have acted as a clergyman ought to. Mgr. Riccig is Vice-President of the Croat Parliament. And the Serbian Patriarch has stated that the arrangements between his Church and the State are perfectly satisfactory.

Bath Club, HENRY BAERLEIN
74 St. James's St., S.W.1.

CHARLES RENNIE MACKINTOSH

SIR,—In his laudatory review of Thomas Howarth's admirable book on Mackintosh, in your issue of Dec. 27, Mr. John Summerson surely dwells too much on the *art nouveau* aspect of this great architect's work, and thereby gives the impression that Mr. Howarth's book carries a similar emphasis.

Until recently a feature of nearly all references to Mackintosh's work by architectural writers has been their failure to appreciate where Mackintosh's roots lay. Mr. Howarth has done a service to architectural history by analysing Mackintosh's work as a pioneer of the modern movement; and he has set down what some of us have realised for a long time, that Mackintosh was a keen student of the simple stone vernacular, particularly of the seventeenth-century Scotland. Unless this basic element is recognised much of the historic significance of Mackintosh's work remains obscure.

Unfortunately, apart from a few famous and very elaborate baronial structures such as Glamis, comparatively little is known by the public interested in architecture about this fascinating phase of Scottish architecture, particularly in its simpler vernacular forms with their essentially functional character. Mackintosh evidently saw its significance, not as a style to copy, but as the basis of a contemporary idiom. Unless one knows something of this historic background, a full understanding of his work is impossible. In view of Mackintosh's influence on modern European architecture, this factor in his development is of some importance.

41 Charlotte Square, ROBERT HURD
Edinburgh, 2.

CHRISTIAN NAMES

SIR,—I am in entire agreement with Miss Kathleen Raine's views on the indiscriminate use of Christian names, and, like her, have in recent years been exceedingly irritated by the sort of person who lards his correspondence (or conversation, with snobbish references to "Tom," "Osbert," etc., etc., on the strength of a single meeting or, for that matter, without even this exiguous justification. Indeed, I am even less tolerant in this matter than Miss Raine, and cannot agree with her that the practice of addressing a total stranger, in a letter, by his Christian *and* surnames, is in any circumstances acceptable. Either I know the eminent novelist, John Smith, well enough to call him by his Christian name, or I don't; if I don't, then I address him as "Dear Sir" or "Dear Mr. Smith"—or, possibly, in the intermediate stage of acquaintance, "Dear Smith." But not, for goodness' sake, "Dear Mr. John Smith," or (worse still) "Dear John Smith." This usage is presumably of American origin, and I can see no reason whatsoever for adopting it in this country.

JOCELYN BROOKE

SIR,—I am not sure that I altogether agree with Kathleen Raine. As a recent arrival in this country from South America I have, of course, been struck by the widespread use of Christian names, especially on the programmes of the B.B.C., where most of the broadcasters would seem to be members of one great happy family—a state of affairs which can, I think, hardly be the case. I suppose, too, that something must be attributed to American influence, for in the part of the world from which I come they are Bill and Bob from the start—one has to meet them several times before one even hears their surnames mentioned. But why *social* climbing? I remember that, as a young graduate just down from Cambridge, I was immensely proud and delighted to receive letters, in answer to my own, on literary topics, from H. G. Wells and Bernard Shaw, and amazed at their graciousness in treating seriously the questions and arguments I put to them. It is a natural instinct to be proud of any association with the distinguished and the great, and this is especially so in youth. Most of Miss Raine's correspondents would seem to fall into this category, and I think there is something a little pathetic, really, in their anxiety to bring themselves and their work to her notice, and in the use of her Christian name. Is it not, also, a compliment to her youth?

The use of both Christian and surname which she advocates is, I think, unnatural and forced—and almost as ugly as the hideous custom of calling women by their surnames, which is prevalent in our hospitals and other institutions. The use of my own Christian name by persons both slightly known to me, gives me no more offence (if none is intended) than does a bus conductor who calls me "love." Isn't Miss Raine perhaps taking herself a little too seriously? MADELEINE L. WALLACE

SIR,—Having suffered a good deal from the same trouble as K. Raine we beg to support her complaint about the improper use of Christian names by complete strangers.

Your obedient servants,

W. BREWER, D. WHIDDON,
J. STEWER, H. HAWK,
P. GURNEY, T. COBLEY.
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Books in General

EVERY age has its worthies and by its choice of them shows its own character. Dark Ages have their Lives of the Saints; the nineteenth century had Samuel Smiles; seventeenth-century England had our first English Dictionary of National Biography, Fuller's *Worthies*. It is not an exhilarating work like Aubrey's exquisite *Lives*; it is not a majestic work, like the incomparable portrait-gallery in Clarendon's *History*; it is not even a scholarly work, like Antony Wood's gigantic *Athenæ Oxonienses*; nevertheless, as a record of a great age in our history, it is perhaps better, because it is more representative, than any of these. It represents not a class, nor a court, nor a literary coterie, but the solid substance of English life—the virtues admired, the standards imposed, the examples demanded by that great shapeless dictator to whom its author bowed: the Public.

For Thomas Fuller, unlike his rival biographers, wrote, as he was not ashamed to say, for money: "to procure some honest profit to myself." Aubrey who wrote for himself and his friends, might specialise in the elegant, the convivial, the "ingeniose"; Clarendon, who wrote for posterity, might reveal the dangerous *arcana* of politics; Wood, the cantankerous hermit of Merton College, might laboriously catalogue the clergy, the pedants and the bores. None of these made a penny by his writing. Rather, they courted trouble. Fuller could not afford that: not for him the recriminations, the lawsuits, the public burning that greeted Wood's great work: he must be prolific, readable and conciliatory. In consequence, he prospered. "No stationer," he boasted in the preface to this, his last work, "hath ever lost by me"; and if he did not himself live to profit by his *Worthies*, it seems that the stationers, since they have reprinted it* are still confident that it will sell.

And what, to Fuller and his public, was a Worthy? What, in particular, was a Worthy of what Mr. Betjeman has compendiously and usefully called the Jacobethan Age? There are bishops of course, and statesmen, and Lord Mayors of London, and soldiers, and writers: but these are common to all ages. Two categories seemed to flourish peculiarly in that era: lawyers and "benefactors of the public." Of the lawyers little need be said; already they overfill the literature of that time. How could "Tudor despotism" have been exercised without those indispensable "civilians," or Stuart Parliaments have resisted them without those indispensable common-lawyers, or Cromwellian gentry and artisans have held together without that indispensable common bugbear, the "Egyptian caterpillars" of Westminster Hall? But "benefactors of the public" are less well-known representatives of that age; and since Fuller included them, and carefully classified them, for a particular purpose, and since Mr. Freeman, by his omissions from this new edition, has concealed that purpose, perhaps it is worth dwelling a little upon it.

How much we still hear of the unfortunate social effects of the Reformation—the "Protestant individualism" which broke up the social solidarity of Merry England, plundered the poor, turned its back on charity, neglected education, and checked the advance of "true" humanism! The rubbish of Chesterton and Belloc is happily disposed of; but something always sticks. From a worthless article in the *Dublin Review* it crept into R. W. Chambers's *Life of Sir Thomas More*: the article has since been exploded, but the biography still perpetuates its doctrine. It was accepted by A. F. Leach in his first book on English schools; in his last, he emphatically recanted it—but in vain: already it had been absorbed into historical orthodoxy. The idol of Cardinal Gasquet crumbled beneath the scientific punctures of Dr. Coulton—too late, for the good Abbé Constant had already innocently carried a few germinative relics abroad. And how they have germinated! This, with its sister-doctrine that Protestantism is the ideology of capitalism, has proved grist to other than Roman mills. The Marxists have ground tediously away on it; Anglo-Catholics have surreptitiously gleaned up a few morsels; and many a sentimental Fabian history still owes its spurious cottage flavour to the residue.

In fact this false doctrine is not new: it is as old as the time itself, and it was partly to refute it that Fuller compiled his careful lists of public benefactors. In fact, in England as in Roman Catholic countries, the Elizabethan Age was a great age, not only of private wealth, but of private charity. Even the most unscrupulous politicians, even the most rapacious courtiers, paid that tribute to society. Unlike the nineteenth-century millionaires, who regarded their wealth by itself as sufficient proof of their virtue, they felt the need to excuse their sudden fortunes. So there arose colleges, grammar-schools, hospitals, almshouses, to apologise for aristocratic opulence; and the fashion thus set at court was followed competitively in the City and the country, by Lord Mayors and bishops, merchants and gentry. Especially the bishops deserve remembrance, those hard-working, harassed Protestant bishops whom Papists and Puseyites have so long conspired to dishonour. In spite of their families, their compliances, their alleged meanness, all founded something for society: Archbishop Parker a grammar-school at Rochdale, Archbishop Grindal a grammar-school at St. Bees, Archbishop Whitgift a hospital and free school at Croydon, Archbishop Sandys a grammar-school at Hawkshead, Archbishop Hutton a grammar-school in Lancashire, Bishop Pilkington a grammar-school at Rivington—which of their loudly puffed Laudian successors did as much as this? High churchmen have never forgiven Archbishop Abbott for his puritan views, or for keeping Laud so long out of Lambeth: let them look, in Guildford, at his noble hospital, "the apogee of the architecture of charity," and then search their own record for a parallel. Well might a contemporary observe that "hardly any age in former times may compare with this of ours (since this Church was happily purged from Popery) for public expressions of charity."

Of course this was a provocative statement, and the Belloc of those times, the Jesuit Edward Knott, could hardly let it pass. Hospitals indeed? he would not even allow them to be named: they were "a few mean nurseries of idle beggars and debauched people." This was the phrase which, casually read, outraged that good, worthy, moderate man, Dr. Fuller. Though he would never be able himself to found a hospital, he protested, at least he would commemorate those whose foundations had been thus ignorantly slighted. So, as he travelled round England as a chaplain in the royalist army, he kept his eye specially open for "benefactors of the public," and, to refute this "Romish Goliath" who had defied "our English Israel," deliberately distinguished those—the greater number—who had flourished since the Reformation. On other topics prudence might stay his pen—for "when men's memories arise it is time for history to go to bed"—but on this he was not afraid to risk a contemporary comment: he would rescue from oblivion not only dead but living founders—Lady Anne Clifford who, during the Civil War, that "earthquake of ancient hospitals," had founded "a beautiful hospital, stately built and richly endowed" at Appleby; and Sir Thomas Adams, draper, one of the twelve Lord Mayors who, in 150 years, had come out of Shropshire, founder of a free school in his native town of Wem, who still "liveth in due honour and esteem, and I hope will live to see many years, seeing there is no better *collyrium* or eye-salve to quicken and continue one's sight, than in his lifetime to behold a building erected for the public profit."

The refutation is indeed complete: it is surprising that Fr. Knott's sneer was ever thought worth reviving, or cooking up into a social theory; but since it has been so revived, and since Fuller's *Worthies* have now been reprinted (while we still hopefully await Professor Jordan's *History of English Charity*) it may well serve us as a convenient reminder that the Jacobethan age, so far from being an age of selfish individualism and spoliation, was the great age of collectivism, of social construction, of educational and charitable endowment. Of no age are the worthies still so vivid to us. In hundreds of parish churches we still see their marble or alabaster effigies, recumbent or praying, under great canopies, with their quarterings, their pedigrees and their children complacently grouped around them. Enraged High Church incumbents may protest at the sacrilege—as indeed did the good Bishop Hall at the time, who did "not hold God's house a meet repository for the dead bodies of the greatest saints"; virtuous precisians may protest at hush-money paid to society—as indeed did Dr. Donne when he warned his rich city congregation against seeking to bribe God with a hospital or a fellowship or a pious legacy; but at least, from whatever motive, they all, lawyer or merchant, peer or gentleman, Anglican or Puritan, founded something for that society of which none ever forgot his membership. As for the source of their income, what has that to do with the question? As Fuller himself once wrote, "should a secret scrutiny be made how all founders of monasteries came by their wealth," who would escape scatheless? Men get how they can; it is in their spending that they illustrate their philosophy.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

* *The Worthies of England*. By THOMAS FULLER. Edited by JOHN FREEMAN. *Allen & Unwin*. 42*s*.

THE DEVIL AT BERRY POMEROY

Snow and fog unseasonable,
The cold remarkable,
Children sickly ;
Green fruit lay thickly
Under the crab-tree
And the wild cherry.
I heard witches call
Their imps to the Hall :
" Hey, Ilemauzar,
Sack-and-Sugar,
Peck in the Crown,
Come down, come down ! "
I heard bells toll
For a monster's soul
That was born, not dead,
Without eyes in his head ;
I saw phantoms leap
From the high Keep ;
I saw blows thwack
On the raw back
Of a dying ass.
Blight was on the grass,
Poison in the cup
(Lover, drink up !),
With envy, slander,
Weasels a-wander,
Incest done
Between mother and son,
Murder of hags
For their money-bags,
Wrath, rape,
And the shadowy ape
Which a Lady, weeping,
Leads by a string
From first twilight
Until past midnight
Through the Castle yard—
" Blow winds, blow hard ! "
So the Devil snaps his chain
And renews his reign
To the little joy
Of Berry Pomeroy.

ROBERT GRAVES

BECALMED

We hung in a limpid mirror,
A scarab becalmed, for hours,
Watching in the water
The growth of crystal flowers,
Shooting to the surface
Liquid stars and milk
Or spinning webs of gossamer
Glittering like silk.
The birth of every ice-floe
On that sea of asphodel
Became for us the mystery
Of the living cell.

Every day became the same
As every other day.
One of us gave up the ghost
And ran across the bay.
Out on the rocks a shouting wind
Carried his voice away.
We ordered soundings and were told
There was a double track,
That we had struck dead water
And now were slipping back.
It grew colder than it had been.
The bears came in to attack.

What had we done that was wrong?
Was it the time of the year?
We were justified in expecting
Everything to clear.
Our calculations were exact,
The instruments still bright.
The charts were all infallible.
Why was nothing right?
The air had grown as rare as wine.
Our heads were all quite light.
Was it the pressure of events,
Or something lost from sight?

J. F. HENDRY

THE SECOND WAR HISTORY

The Campaign in Norway. By T. K. DERRY. *H.M. Stationery Office.* 35*s.*

The Royal coat-of-arms is stamped on the cover, and the imprint of the Stationery Office on the title-page. The " official " side of the History goes little further. It is true that Government files have been thrown open, with the proviso that Cabinet unanimity and Civil Service anonymity should both be preserved, and there is a suggestion here and there that at least the British commanders have submitted to interrogation a little more willingly, and perhaps more anxiously, than they would have for the benefit of mere free-lance historians. But no attempt has been made to present an " official " point of view. There is not a lick of whitewash. The book is readable and truthful. It criticises ; it even castigates. " It was the Government which kept on varying the objective, with little regard to the havoc wrought at all lower levels ", is one of Dr. Derry's mildest conclusions. And of men's decisions and behaviour at these lower levels, holy ground to the Regimental historian, he, from a greater eminence, can write with devastating frankness.

This volume on the Norwegian campaign is the first of about thirty projected for the History of the Second World War, whose general editor is Professor J. R. M. Butler. The major campaigns are to be allotted three to six volumes apiece, and the whole war will be pulled together by separate volumes on grand strategy, on civil affairs and on military government. The History deals with " the military effort of the United Kingdom ", introducing the political, allied and enemy aspects only sufficiently to maintain balance ; and the roles of Navy, Army and Air Force are to be integrated in the narrative of each campaign.

Such were the principles of scope and treatment laid down by Professor Butler for his team of historians. In interpreting them, Dr. Derry has had a particularly hard task. It was impossible for him to carry out his editor's general brief to describe the campaign " from the standpoint of the theatre commander ", for in Norway there was no theatre commander. It was not a neat campaign, and a neat history cannot be written around it. The skein (one cannot call it a chain) of command was so tangled that we find an increasingly frustrated First Lord suggesting the movements of single companies, while an Admiral is obliged to refer back to London a General's moral objections to bombarding an enemy-held town. Four or five small expeditions, all involving land, sea and air forces, separated from each other by hundreds of miles, were simultaneously digging into the corroded flank of a barren, snow-bound country. Inevitably Dr. Derry jumps from Namsos to Narvik, Downing Street to Aandalsnes, and though he bravely simulates continuity where none existed by inserting two chapters on general strategy, the events they describe in outline precede the same events described in detail, and the shape of the book is pulled askew. The naval battles, which were very important, and the air battles, which were not, had curiously little effect upon the operations on land. In spite of the editor's directive, the three could not be very closely linked. The method will work well in subsequent volumes, and it is undoubtedly the right one. But Norway, the first and the most haphazard of all our combined operations, was a difficult subject for the first of all the volumes in this History.

Not much about the campaign is revealed that is both new and important. Mr. Churchill's volumes will have stolen much of the thunder from the whole series, and as he was by chance even more directly involved in Norway than in later campaigns, the general course of policy and events described in *The Gathering Storm* is here only supplemented in detail. We already knew, for instance, of the British plan, finally settled in March, to land troops at Narvik, Trondheim, Stavanger and Bergen, " as a part of the extended help to Finland " (Churchill), and we would have welcomed from Dr. Derry some account of our negotiations with Norway and Sweden on this delicate topic. He only refers to them in passing. He does, however, quote some interesting figures from contemporary German sources which show that we had overestimated the effect on German production of closing the iron-ore route from Narvik.

As for the actual conduct of operations, three main questions were left unanswered by Mr. Churchill's account. Why did General Mackesy not assault Narvik sooner and more directly ? Why was it not possible to provide better air-cover for our troops ? Why did not the " muddy waddle " forward from Namsos at least hold the Germans from the southern approaches to Trondheim ? These three questions are answered satisfactorily for the historian, if not for the War Office or Air Ministry. (The Navy emerges unblemished from the whole campaign.) It is not Dr. Derry's fault if one still finds it very strange that these narrow snow-filled defiles should not have been held for longer by the best of the British Brigades against an enemy who were at least locally not greatly superior in numbers. Here, and in his account of the land operations at Narvik, he might have drawn more fully on German campaign reports, but the ultimate answers are written on the hearts of the individual platoon and section commanders of both sides, and we shall never read them. That is the chief shortcoming of all military history. We are always led on to drive deeper and deeper into " the lower levels ", and the lowest level of all, the point of action and sharp decision, for ever remains unplumbed.

Two final suggestions. The maps, which are in general quite excellent, fail to show any roads and railways outside the immediate area of operations. Why ? And instead of illustrating the book with misleading pre- or post-war photographs, apparently taken in midsummer, could we not have had some contemporary photographs of the snow-bound roads and shattered harbours ?

NIGEL NICOLSON

THE BAROMETER

The Art of Ernest Hemingway. By JOHN ATKINS. *Peter Nevill.* 15*s.*

There is a place for a new and serious appraisal of Hemingway. His reputation as a novelist has been too much at the mercy of the futile marching and counter-marching of ideology in the last twenty years. His concrete achievement cannot be smudged out by his failures, nor by the brilliant malice of his interviewers or his own schoolboy humour; and the suspicions started by his romantic taste for violence and for the sawn-off in thought and feeling, do not alter the fact that he has been the most influential novelist writing in English during the last twenty-five years. He fertilised—no doubt to the point of parody, but that was not his fault. His originality was that he gave an identity, an idiom and a style to the ordinary mass man—Wyndham Lewis's " the man to whom things are done "—at a time when established culture was breaking up, as some say, or at any rate replenishing itself from below, as it periodically must. Flaubert trained Maupassant to find what was distinctive in an object, a person, a feeling; Hemingway sought, by a discipline that is equally stringent, what was common to them. His own taste in mass men—who are, of course, not mass men at all—was the aggressive, cock-a-hoop male, graduating into the dumb soldier, the boxer, bull-fighter, gangster, hunter, who might also be softening off into the Rotarian, the rich boy and the dotard who cannot shake off the old male obsession with keeping his end up. But the point was that Hemingway brought a new race into literature. If he also " barometrically "—in Edmund Wilson's excellent word—recorded the climate of de-civilisation, he has been far more interesting about that than the forward-looking party men. He has been able to convey the twentieth-century's animal zest in itself and its own self-mistrust and fear of its own blank-mindedness.

Mr. Atkins, a new critic, comes fresh from the reading of the whole of Hemingway and has this advantage over the critic and general reader; he brings out the intensity of Hemingway's application to his art but he is far too breezy and uncertain a writer, too jaunty and pretentious, to make a solid book. He admires, he makes good points, but they are lost in a disorderly, personal and ingenuous work and he writes in a slovenly fashion. He jumps from assertion to digression and when he draws on critics like Max Eastman, Kashin, Edmund Wilson and Edwin Muir he impoverishes what these thoughtful critics have said. Indeed, he has Hemingway's childish belief that most critics merely write out of envy. What is really needed is an orderly study of the text.

Mr. Atkins's best point is his earliest: that Hemingway was one of the first to grasp the fact that modern man was interested only in things and techniques, not in abstractions. His only fear is that he will not be able to manage his things. If there is a new evil, a new thing will deal with it; private courage, the habit of stoicism, are the chief, perhaps the only virtues. We shall need love, but we shall be chiefly occupied with sensations. Hemingway has recorded the muscular tremors of the natural man, his self-regarding morality and nihilism, his cockerel-like strut and his one obsession: to appear tough not to the enemy, but among his friends. Hemingway's competitiveness, as Mr. Atkins says, is unceasing. One might, indeed, be back at school or among Covent Garden porters; there is so much squaring up for a fight that never comes off and which is there to create an illusion of security and success. There is so much boasting: the biggest whore, the biggest fish, the biggest storm, the heaviest drinker, the largest rhino. And yet these boasts have a heroic modesty too and they are set against a scene that is drily observed, beautifully rendered with all the self-effacing discipline of a watchful artist. One hardly remembers a character in Hemingway, or rather one remembers only the initial image as it comes into the sight of this amateur marksman; but the scene, the towns, landscape, the bar, the ring, the very hour of the day are never effaced from the mind. They have that effortless permanence which the natural eye gives to the store of memory and the quality, though common enough in English lyrical poetry, is not often found in English prose. We find it rather in the Russians.

Mr. Atkins goes into the arguments about "the lost generation" and rightly, I think, says too much has been made of all that. It is just as easy to prove that Hemingway "despairs" as it is to prove that he does not. He writes about the ending of things, but the physical defeats are often moral victories. On the other hand, Mr. Atkins is so keen on showing us a Hemingway who dispassionately responds to the real modern world, that he hardly considers the deep romanticism of his subject, nor the sentimentality. Arturo Barea's criticism of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* was not merely a criticism of Hemingway's knowledge of Spain; it went, by implication, far deeper. There is a good deal of the poor man's Byron in him. Dignity and gravity Hemingway has always had, but he has also wallowed in certain juvenile fantasies.

Mr. Atkins would have made a much better book of this if he had thought less of the contemporary situation and more about Hemingway as an American, for he grows out of a powerful American tradition. His style which (far more than any point of view about life) has given him his influence, comes straight out of *Huckleberry Finn*; the cult of action harks back to the pioneer period, as also do the boasting and affectation of simplicity. The dominant emotion he evokes is lyrical nostalgia, the feeling of personal loneliness, as if his people were always thinking of something lost, and that is an emotion powerfully felt in American literature. He has the poker-face of the American comic writers, though without, on the whole, very much of their puritan cynicism. His "tough" flat or naturalistic dialogue is, as Mr. Atkins sees, subtly contrived; it depends not on colour but on repetition; it is really the inverted rhetoric of the anonymous man who loses caste if he becomes articulate about what he feels. If the speech of Hemingway's characters had been realistically recorded it would have been as long and circumstantial as anything in Henry James. Max Eastman (quoted by Mr. Atkins) said that Hemingway wrote fairy tales; what he really did was to extract folk tales and frontier stuff from the garrulous bars.

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PRIVATE ART

Paul Klee. By CAROLA GIEDION-WELCKER. *Faber.* 42*s.*

The painters of the twentieth century have one thing, and perhaps only one, in common. They must all grapple with the problem that history has reserved, in its acutest form, for them: each must face as best he can the conflict between the public and private aspects of the creative act. Only now can we see the whole range of possible attitudes, the range of motives and rewards. Every writer about painting now, in fact, writes about this: it is a situation, one of the very few in artistic history, in which writing may conceivably be able to help. So there is a particular value in a study of the extreme private solution, the art of Paul Klee.

Klee made his choice in 1902, when he was 23. It is recorded more clearly than in anything that he drew until some years later, in a diary which must have seemed to Dr. Welcker too well-known to quote—unfortunately, for it is of cardinal importance. "I want," Klee wrote, "to be as though new-born . . . to work out by myself a tiny, formal motive . . . without any technique." "Through the repetition of such small but original deeds there will come a work upon which I can build." The second step was taken in the Twenties, at the Bauhaus, when he set about refining his "small but original deeds" to a state of absolute technical purity, capable, almost, of logical definition. The poet, in fact, became a grammarian as well, and the systematic resolution of his fantastic world into jewel-like mosaics of definite, visible statements began in earnest.

It is easy to be enchanted by the results without "understanding" them, or troubling for a moment with Klee's method and the elaborate theory on which it was based: it may be that this is the most desirable course. If criticism has a function, it must be to help us ponder the character of the ultimate element of his art, the private, original act. This Dr. Welcker no more than skirts. She analyses the conventions which he adopted, construes his symbolism where she can, traces, if not his life, the external happenings of it that are recorded, but the core remains almost untouched. Indeed, it is uncertain if she is even aware of it, she makes so little use of the clues which Klee's own utterances provide, particularly in the lecture *On Modern Art*, the irreplaceable introduction to his thought which was luckily issued by the same publishers a few years ago.

So the intricate problems of his style still await a critic with the equipment to answer them. There is the very real question, for example, of the character of Klee's designs, designs often full of architectonic structure which yet lack its natural substance, the immemorial sense of *building*, so that the formal pattern looks like a masquerade. And the fantastic meanings which his works carry, layer upon layer like a palimpsest, will require a more searching analysis than they receive here. Can symbol and sign really be read together as one language? Do the profound embodiments of fantasy agree with the hearts, exclamation marks, arrows, which are inscribed on them, like the signs, often, of some defeated political party? Here only, perhaps, must we sometimes feel that the purism of Klee's theory has brought its revenges. Dr. Welcker leaves such questions untouched. Her aim is less critical than descriptive and she achieves it, if not simply, at least objectively and in general with good sense. Nothing in the book is, indeed, more valuable than its numerous and excellent colour-plates, for which responsibility seems to be divided between Switzerland, Verona and New York. The black-and-white illustrations, on the other hand, are unfortunately very bad indeed.

This latest contribution to the voluminous literature about Klee is, in fact, useful rather than revealing. The final questions remain as distant as ever and for the present, probably, this does not matter very much. The force of Klee's example is clear enough. His private method presents, not an imitable pattern, nor even, precisely, a "contribution to the enlargement of artistic expression", as Dr. Welcker has it, so much as a criterion of personal genuineness, and a criterion, too, of the integrity of technical means. An essential virtue shines out; it is an example which painters of every kind now neglect at their peril.

LAWRENCE GOWING

NEW SHORT STORIES

Best Stories from Colliers. Edited by KNOX BURGER. *William Kimber.* 15*s.*

The Observer Prize Stories. Edited by ELIZABETH BOWEN. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Madame de ———. By LOUISE DE VILMORIN. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Angled Road. By NORMAN LEVINE. *Werner Laurie.* 10*s.* 6*s.*

Christmas Eve. By ALISTAIR COOKE. *Hart-Davis.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

In the years 1949-50 *Colliers Magazine* published some 500 short stories and turned down 69,500; in last year's *Observer* Christmas short-story competition it turned out that the odds against the field were more than twice as long—over 300 to one. The odds against winning the first prize, the only one comparable in monetary value with a *Colliers* acceptance, were nearly 7,000 to one. Moreover, a *Colliers* acceptance, as the Introduction and Notes in the present volume show, can lead to a career, for it is possible to live in America solely by writing short stories. In

England you could hardly keep yourself in cigarettes. (It is of course also possible for English writers to contribute to American magazines, but few could hope to do so at all frequently.) The difference in the odds seems to be critical; *Colliers* attracts ruthless blowed-in-the-glass-professional competition; the *Observer* competition mainly the hopeful—one might almost say the yearning—amateur.

Thus one important class of professional short story is that which relies upon an inherent architectural strength of plot. Famous stories of this kind are Maupassant's *The Necklace* and O. Henry's *The Gift of the Magi*; *Colliers* has, in *Letters from Cairo* by James Robins Miller, a good example of this class which depends upon the continued arrival of letters from a man after news of his death in an air crash. From the notes appended to each story we see how much skill and patience the Americans devote to working out a story which depends not merely upon one but upon two or even three distinct *données*. They are willing to accept a great deal of advice, to change an ending, even to take a story apart and start again at the suggestion of one of *Colliers*' fiction editors. What seems extraordinary in the circumstances is that there should be such a range of approach and material, from the chic yet very real organising ability of Mr. Miller on the one hand, to the deep feeling and painful satire of Mr. Paul Horgan's *National Honeymoon* on the other, as well as the rather Fitzgerald-like combination of lucidity, observation and force in Mr. Al Hines's *The Kissing Kind*, which is a first-rate story by any standard. It is curious also that the inferior stories should be so dowdily incompetent.

The *Observer* stories, by contrast, have a certain family resemblance, which has nothing to do with their common Christmas theme. Few of them escape the English mimsiness, something cosy, whimsical and almost painfully personal; many of them made me think of a Barriesque child saying "Look at this—it's the loveliest, *secretest* thing I've got!" The best were those which got farthest away from this note: for instance Mr. Alexander Clifford's *The Cold Holy War*, a cynical entertainment which even goes so far as to provide a dénouement. But with all these stories, even the best, there is a feeling of slightness, of lack of force, which is perhaps due in part to the limit of 3,000 words, but, if a comparison is made with the Americans, may also be due to the failure of the authors to lavish upon them the time, thought, and care which lie at the basis of professional skill.

Mme de Vilmorin does not lack skill; what she *does* lack is all the more clearly shown because she is a clever enough writer to make the lack noticeable. *Madame de*—— is a story in the French classical tradition. It concerns a lady of great position and charm, her husband, the Ambassador with whom she falls in love, and a pair of ear-rings which, as each successive crisis unfolds, the husband has to purchase afresh. The story is clever enough, although it achieves some of its effect by the blandness with which it relies upon coincidence, but its element of classical pastiche makes its complete lack of passion—without which the classical tradition is nonsense—its watery prettiness, more striking.

The Angled Road is a longer work than Mme de Vilmorin's *conte*; it is really a novel, and the effect of brevity is to the author's credit. The book does not seek or achieve any ingenuity; it is contemplative rather than clever, and without coming off in its totality it is an interesting attempt to do the thing which is so badly needed—to get away from the desert of insensitively handled naturalistic prose—the language which is recognisably and boringly the same in the *Colliers* and *Observer* stories. Mr. Levine is a poet, and at his best he writes a terse concentrated prose with a slightly formalised dialogue, which is a pleasure to read. The content of *The Angled Road* is by contrast rather flat and commonplace; the doings of a young Canadian Air Force officer in England during the war, and his love affairs with two rather tiresome girls.

It is interesting, incidentally, to see how Mr. Alistair Cooke, one of the few really expert broadcasters that we hear, also achieves an effect of freshness. For he writes entirely to read aloud, and he does this so well that in reading his three Christmas stories—for which no claim but seasonable entertainment is made—one is continually conscious of the echoes of his voice. This is a genuinely new kind of writing, and while it is better to hear than to read, it is still worth reading, and reading attentively, by all English writers of gummed-up "literary" prose.

J. D. SCOTT

THE BATTERED LAND-MASS

Yesterday Was Mine. By PRINCESS ANNE-MARIE CALLIMACHI. *Falcon Press.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

My Purpose Holds. By JEROME CAMINADA. *Cape.* 16*s.*

A Spy Has No Friends. By RONALD SETH. *Andre Deutsch.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

By the Waters of the Danube. By ALEXANDRA ORME. *Cresset Press.* 15*s.*

Of all the Eurasian land-mass which Mackinder and the partisans of *geopolitik* saw as the key to control of the world, few regions are more precious, strategically and spiritually, than that which lies between the Dniester and the Stettin-Trieste line. Across it the West has repeatedly advanced to the conquest of the East; and Mongol, Magyar, and Turk have rushed against Christendom. If it be held by the West, the Russians can be sure of security nowhere this side of the Urals; if held by the East, there stands no natural defence line for us till we come to the North Sea.

Though fierce nationalism racked it, this region maintained till 1939 a remarkably homogeneous culture. The land was almost entirely in the hands of a few great aristocratic families. They married into, and slept with the best families of the West; they were proud of their French dresses, their English suits and hunters; they left commerce to the Jews, massacring and borrowing off them by alternations; they lived in long arcaded white castles that still echoed, even were the whisper soon to be lost in the dark surrounding forests, Palladio's name. Outside their gates straggled lines of white-washed cabins; towards these floundered the bare-footed peasants through a mud filthy with droppings of thousand upon thousand of geese and turkeys; food for these peasants was buckwheat gruel; oblivion lay in the bottle of vodka or *slivovitz;* while up at the castle, Dolly and Pali, Kati and Geza and Sacha ate their *Poulet Demidoff*, their *bombe surprise*, and talked of the latest lusts of other Dollies and Palis, others Katies and Gezas and Sachas.

All four books under review have Eastern Europe for their principal stage. It is set and dressed by Princess Callimachi's memories of Roumania before the Treaty of Trianon; in the pages that recount Mr. Caminada's escape and Mr. Seth's tortures, we see an idiotic and remorseless German policy sapping the Eastern dykes of our world; in Alexandra Orme's picture of post-war Budapest and Warsaw, we observe with a sort of lugubrious excitement the Russian bulldozer battering down and flattening out the last vestiges of what we may pardonably call "civilisation."

Princess Callimachi is a person of wide experience, and a lively eye. Her memory darts to and fro like a bright, sharp-beaked bird in a forest by Douanier Rousseau. Unfortunately, her method of expression does not display an equal nimbleness; phrases like "I vividly remember" bog down her light and slightly malicious feet. It is one of the tragedies of writing that the Memoir, perhaps the most dangerous and difficult of all literary forms, should be the one most often attempted by the unprofessional hand. Princess Callimachi affords us from time to time tantalising glimpses of what she could do with the richness of her recollections and the shrewdness of her perceptions; few people are better placed than she to evoke for us the graces, the fantasies, the injustices and the ineptitudes of Eastern

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European aristocratic society. If she could restrain her bright bird from flitting off to Marienbad, there to nest in Edward VII's beard, if in her next book she would chain it to the Bucharest of Queen Marie and Stirbey, of Ghika and the future Lord Thomson, if above all she would discipline herself to write as easily and shrewdly as she can talk, she might throw fascinating light on the failure of Western culture in Eastern Europe.

Mr. Caminada, a South African, was serving as a *Times* war correspondent when he was caught by the victorious German army at Boulogne in 1940. He was finally consigned to the prison of Tost bei Gleiwitz on the Polish border. From there, with a companion, he succeeded in escaping to Hungary in 1942. Personally, I find it difficult to resist any story of escape; the spectacle of one man outwitting all the forces of organised society, in a world where science has heavily weighted the odds against the individual, possesses for me almost the quality of a religious tonic. And in this case the interest of the escape story is heightened by the fact that Mr. Caminada, a civilian, could count upon no such organisation, no such "underground" as stood at the disposal of British combatant fugitives. Unfortunately, however, once he reaches Hungary, he can no longer sustain interest; and his picture of Budapest, at the moment when Horthy's cards were at last being called by Hitler, becomes blurred by a fungus of the obvious.

The two last books on this list are by far the most considerable, and share certain elements in common. Ronald Seth was dropped in Esthonia on a mission of sabotage, caught by the Wehrmacht, tortured, saved from hanging by a miracle that far exceeds anything in *The Exploits of Elaine*, and after years of intense suffering, finally reached the frigid haven of H.M. Legation at Berne; there he was received with a cheese-paring indifference which, in the absence of the F.O. version of the story, leaves one feeling angry and ashamed. Alexandra Orme, a singularly unprejudiced member of the Polish upper classes, was fated by reason of a Hungarian marriage to live in the rubble of Budapest after the Russian occupation. Together with an ex-Ambassador, two Hungarian princesses of great beauty and of a sexual morality nicely adjusted to the caprices of the time, her husband, her nephew, and four or five other people, she inhabited two small rooms, where heating and window-panes had long since become legends. She travels with the utmost difficulty to another pile of rubble that used to be Warsaw; she comes back to Budapest. Here are none of Mr. Seth's quiet heroics. Yet we find the first part of both books illumined by an almost poetical observation, and then the spirit beginning to fumble as if, understandably, the cruelties, the inanities and the ugliness of modern life in those regions had been too much for it.

Mr. Seth was made to suffer more than should be demanded of any man. It is no denigration to say that Alexandra Orme's book, dealing as it does with an immediate horror, overshadows his. Hitler after all is dead for the moment; those who suffered in Nazi prisons are suspect to Americans and Russians alike, while for us they have inevitably become mere reproachful voices at the back of our conscience. Alexandra Orme, on the other hand, deals with the present problem—the watch-stealing, raping, childlike Russian soldiery, who assume the whole world to have syphilis as severely, and as casually as they. With her one always feels that life not only must, but will go on. I recommend this book to every member of H.M. Foreign Service.

SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

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EDUCATION CATCHING UP ON ITSELF

Pioneers of English Education. Edited by A. V. JUDGES. *Faber.* 25*s.*

Friedrich Froebel and English Education. Edited by FVELYN LAWRENCE. *University of London Press.* 20*s.*

As Professor Judges remarks in his Introduction to *Pioneers of English Education*: "We are creatures of our time. Had these lectures been written before, say, the preparation of the Hadow report, much less attention would probably have been given to the social implications of the educational proposals with which we are here concerned . . ." The lectures, delivered in the Lent Term of 1951 at King's College, include studies of Owen, Bentham and the Utilitarians, Kay-Shuttleworth, Newman, Spencer, Arnold, Forster and the Liberal Reformers, and in each case the subject's life and work is related to the social movements and problems of his time. The admirable surveys provided in the Introduction and in Sir Philip Morris's chapter on *The English Tradition in Education* further stress the social implications and provide a common background for the varied patterns of the succeeding chapters.

Our first comment on the story here unfolded might be to call the nineteenth the century of missed opportunities. Since the time of Pitt and Coleridge "by reason of a delayed start, no project of school expansion has been able to keep pace with the population's increasing numbers and needs, while every ambitious design for the overhaul and assimilation of divergent elements in our educational life has been held up, sometimes for generations, by discord." The roots of the discord lay first in the timing and speed of the industrial transformation, and second in the divided attitudes in the relations between religion and the State. A tradition of public responsibility for education had to be built up slowly and piecemeal. The time lag persisted throughout the century and is reflected in our present concerns over school buildings, parity of esteem, technical education and the supply and training of teachers.

Granted this, our second thought might be to pay tribute to the administrators for their patience and skill in keeping the ship moving on the right course through the storms of controversy. If we have been deficient in system we have, as Sir Philip Morris points out, been strong in fostering voluntary movements, developing a variety of institutions and stressing the importance of the individual, whether teacher or child. Sir John Maud in his lecture on *The Twentieth-Century Administrator* defines the role of central and local government administrators, stressing the need to ensure adequate freedom for teachers and emphasising the importance of devolution and consolidation in educational administration.

The influence on English education of the other pioneers included in this series has been indirect and general rather than specific: but none the less important for that. And how different the contributions are, even in this limited selection: Owen's Utopianism and fervent belief in the educational value of conditioning, Bentham's advocacy of social investigations and surveys, Newman's answer to the problem of how to make a man intellectual and yet religious, Spencer's plea for a complete shift of emphasis in the curriculum, replacing the linguistic core by a scientific and factual one, while Arnold sees in a literary discipline the best means for "the humanisation of man in society." In some sense or form these preoccupations are still with us.

It is well to be reminded that in Professor Dover Wilson's words, "We can reverence the august name of Froebel without supposing that he was the first to give thought to the teaching of infants." Certainly the contributors to the volume in which the National Froebel Foundation commemorate the centenary of Froebel's death, make no such claim. It contains a critical assessment of Froebel's religious and educational ideas as well as useful accounts of the history of the Froebel movement in England and his influence on English primary education. Froebel's Gifts and Occupations, like his metaphysics and his psychology, are outmoded, but his insistence on full respect for the integrity and individuality of every child remains valid, and the best tribute to his work is the progressively fuller realisation of this in the last century of educational theory and practice.

J. W. TIBBLE

SENSES AND OBJECTS

The Sensory Order. By F. A. HAYEK. *Routledge.* 18*s.*

Professor Hayek is perhaps best known for *The Road to Serfdom* which, to quote a contemporary, "skyrocketed its author to prominence." This work, which gained the distinction of a "somewhat sharpened condensation" in *Reader's Digest*, took him on an unwilling pilgrimage into the territory of the Welfare State. In *The Sensory Order* he has undertaken "An Inquiry into the Foundations of Theoretical Psychology," and appears to have found the going, if not easier, at any rate more congenial.

The origins of his book he traces to the psychology which, "without much guidance," he read in Vienna in 1919 and 1920; the paper he then wrote but did not publish contained, he says, the whole principle of the theory now advanced. The authors from whom he gained most were the classical German psychophysicists—von Helmholtz, Wundt, G. E. Müller and their immediate followers, and it is their influence which perhaps accounts for a certain flavour of *Allgemeingültigkeit* which pervades the structure of his thought. The chapter heads indeed are strikingly reminiscent of the nineteenth century: thus, starting very properly with "The Nature of the Problem," he proceeds to "An Outline of the Theory," followed by four chapters which fill in, and even burst out of, his outline; he then deals with "Confirmations and Verifications of the Theory" (with subsections on "Observed Facts for which the Theory Accounts," and "Older Theories Comprised as Special Cases"), and lastly he draws some "Philosophical Consequences."

The problem with which he is concerned is the nature of the correspondence between our sensations and the objects in the physical world which appear to cause them—the correspondence, to adopt his own terminology, between the Sensory

Order and the Physical Order. Sensory qualities, he argues, form a self-contained system, the members of which can only be described by reference to other members of the same system. The relation between the sensory and physical systems cannot then be one which involves interaction between the two. An explanation must be sought in an *isomorphism*, in which the relations holding between the elements of one system correspond formally with those between the elements of the other. Such an isomorphism cannot be found, so Professor Hayek argues, directly between the two orders, but may be discerned between the sensory order and the functional pattern within the central nervous system which, "though undoubtedly part of the complete physical order, is yet a part of it which is not directly known but can only be reconstructed." This is but the barest outline of a subtle and complicated theory, which becomes of interest only as term by term it is expanded and compared with what facts are known. In these later chapters, other authors speaking a more contemporary idiom can be brought in: E. D. Adrian, Norbert Wiener, K. S. Lashley, Kenneth Craik are all allotted their parts, even though I fancy some of them would protest at their casting.

Detailed criticism would be out of place, yet there are two major difficulties which, so far as I can see, have not been adequately met. In the first place, is Professor Hayek's problem a genuine one? Can we speak of a physical order independent of sensation, and proceed to enquire how it is related to the sensory order? Professor Hayek found when he returned to the problem in recent years that it "had remained pretty much in the same state," and this he puts down to a distrust of speculation, fostered by an excessively empirical view of psychology. But the reason may equally well be that psychologists no longer see the problem in the familiar terms. Knowledge of the external world is built on perceptual experience, and instrumental observation cannot in itself give reason for separating two classes of experience. No doubt the physicist finds that dipping his finger into a bath of hot water is less satisfactory than dipping a thermometer in, but he cannot avoid reading the thermometer. All that is achieved in such a case is the amplication of an effect and its translation to a different sensory mode. Mostly we end up by translating into visual terms—perhaps because visual pattern is unique, since it does not undergo adaptation, and hence gives a more consistent picture than other modalities.

But even if Professor Hayek's statement of the problem is conceded, there remains a difficulty about his solution. By what methods can the required isomorphism be demonstrated? For he is explicit that he is not using the term in the ill-defined fashion that it occurs in *Gestalt* psychology, but in its strict mathematical sense. But this means that, if two neural events A and B combine to give C, their mental correlates *a* and *b* must combine to give *c*, and not merely something a bit like *c*. To show this, it seems we require a comparable degree of accuracy in estimating A, B and C, on the one hand, and *a*, *b* and *c* on the other. This prospect is, to say the very least of it, remote. Despite a century of endeavour, and a great deal of talk about mental measurement, the words of an earlier economist, Francis Edgeworth, remain valid: "We cannot *count* the golden sands of life; we cannot *number* the innumerable smiles of seas of love; but we seem to be capable of observing that here is a *greater*, there a *less* multitude of pleasure-units. . . ." This, I think, is still about all that we are capable of observing. There is difficulty enough in arranging sensations in order of rank—let alone the products of two or more sensations. For the life of me, I cannot see how Professor Hayek can substantiate his view with such slender resources. It is in the hope that others, whether they call themselves economists, psychologists, philosophers, or anything else, will see further than either Professor Hayek or his reviewer, that I recommend this book. It will do us all good.

A. D. HARRIS

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Orchestral. HAYDN: Symphonies: Nos. 1 in D major; 28 in A major; 13 in D major (Vienna Sym. Orch./Sternberg. §PMA 1001); No. 47, G. major (Vienna Chamber Orch/Litschauer) and No. 84, E flat major (Vienna Collegium Musicum /Heiller. §PMA 1002); No. 43, E flat major, and No. 50, C major (Danish State Radio Chamber Orch./Wöldike. *§HLP 1041). We can never have too many Haydn symphonies—especially those, so little known even now, of the earlier periods. The first three of the present miscellany are too brashly played and unpleasantly recorded to deserve attention; but Nos. 47 and 84, which were impossible on SP, have improved in the transference to LP and are now quite tolerable. Nos. 43 and 50, which belong to the years 1772-3, are full of interest, and much more affectionately played, with less heavy a string body; the recording, though a little shrill up top, is on the whole good. SCHUBERT: Symphony No. 5, B flat major (Winterthur Sym. Orch./Busch. §Nixa CLP 61). Though tastefully conducted, this work needs more finished orchestral playing than it gets in this recording, which is ill focused. The fill-up, the orchestrated Scherzo from Mendelssohn's Octet, is even worse recorded. BRAHMS: Violin Concerto (Rybar/West Austrian Radio Orch./Moltkau. §Nixa CLP 1113). Peter Rybar seems an efficient technician, but his playing here is lacking in chiaroscuro and the recording makes his E string sound pinched. The orchestral tone is solid enough, but the conductor commits the elementary mistake of speeding up the tuttis. The Stern/Beecham LP is out in America (not to mention several other versions), so readers are advised to wait a bit. BACH: Clavier Concerto, F major (Salter/London Baroque Ensemble. SW 8147-8). This is a version, made by Bach himself, of the Fourth Brandenburg Concerto, for harpsichord, two recorders and strings. The recording is not as good as the London Baroque Ensemble usually obtains, and Lionel Salter's admirable solo (in the knitting-match Finale he does not drop a single stitch) is constantly drowned by the strings. MARTIN: Concerto for seven wind instruments, percussion and strings; IBERT: Flute Concerto (Graf, etc./Winterthur Sym Orch./Desarzens. *§Nixa CLP 1109). Written in 1949, the Frank Martin's Concerto is perhaps less individual, and less obviously a masterpiece, than his Petite Symphonie Concertante; but it is an enthralling work, though at times angular, and brilliantly laid out for the instruments. The performance seems ideal and the recording, though not quite comfortable in the loudest passages, is clear and well balanced. Ibert's Flute Concerto is a very characteristic piece—fluent, graceful, beautifully designed and wittily scored. The pastoral slow movement is perhaps the best, the Finale a little too long. Peter Graf's liquid tones are admirably caught, and the disc as a whole should appeal to anyone who is interested in contemporary music. FAURÉ: Ballade, Op. 19 (Long/Paris Conservatoire Orch./Cluytens. LX 8953-4). To admirers of Marguerite Long's previous recording of this exquisite piece, the new set will, I fear, be a sad disappointment. There is no delicacy of touch here, and no flow; the conductor, apparently at loggerheads with the pianist, keeps trying to get a move on—but in vain, for she is intent on over-expressing every phrase. The piano tone is metallic. FAURÉ: Pavane (London Chamber Orch. and Chorus/Bernard. *C 4197). There is not perhaps very much to choose between this disc and the Philharmonia/Sargent version: in both cases the chorus is obstrusively near, but in the more recent disc it is better sung and the piece is rather more sensitively played, though a little faster. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: Romance for Harmonica (Adler/String Orch./Piano/Sargent. DX 1861). This clever and enchanting piece, which well deserves the success it obtained at its first performance, has alas! been most unskilfully recorded: the string parts are fuzzy and the "chalumeau" notes of the harmonica are horribly distorted. Also recommended: MUSSORGSKY: *Night on the Bare Mountain;* GLINK: Russian and Ludmilla—Overture (Philharmonia/Kletzki. **LX 8951-2).

Chamber Music and Piano. MOZART: String Quartets, **F major, K 168, and *B flat major, K 458 (Griller Qt. §LXT 2728). K 168 is the first of six quartets written in Vienna in 1773, and it shows the influence of Haydn's Opp. 17 and 20, especially in the muted slow movement. The Grillers give an excellent account of it, but in the first movement of the "Hunt" they snatch at the triplets and elsewhere do not give a fully persuasive performance. HAYDN: Six String Quartets, Op. 17 (Schneider Qt. **§HLP 13, 14, 15). I have no space here to discuss these very interesting quartets, none of which has ever been recorded before; but I would vehemently urge readers to regard this excellent set as a priority. To judge by their playing here, the Schneider Quartet is the kind of ensemble which composers dream of. There is not a single perfunctory phrase, not a modulation or a progression that is not exquisitely thought out. The recording of Nos. 1 and 4 (HLP 13) is perhaps slightly less good than in the later numbers, but the difference is nothing to make a fuss about. Also recommended: BACH: 3 Sonatas for gamba and harpsichord (Søyer/Chessid. **§Nixa CLP 54); BACH: 15 two-part Inventions (Kirkpatrick. **§ Nixa CLPY 1088); BRAHMS: Paganini Variations, Bks I and II; SCHUMANN: Sonata, F minor, Op. 14 (Goldsand. *§Nixa CLP 1147).

Vocal. Complete operas: MOZART: *Die Zauberflöte* (Seefried/Jurinac/Lipp/Dermota/Kunz., etc./Vienna Phil/Karajan. §33CX1013-5); ROSSINI: *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* (De los Angeles/Monti/Bechi/Rossi - Lemeni/Milan Sym. Orch. and Chorus/Serafin. *§ALP 1022-4); WAGNER: *Die Meistersinger* (Bayreuth Ensemble/Karajan. §33CX 1021-5). The Vienna *Zauberflöte* is certainly an improvement on its predecessor, *Figaro*. The singing is more forthright, less pernickety, Karajan's tempi are more rational, and both Dermota and Kunz are out-

PHILOSOPHY

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standingly good. It is also a relief not to have to sit through the spoken dialogue (mostly very silly). Why then no stars? Because there is a great deal of distortion in the solo parts, the choruses are foggy, and the orchestral tone is never as immediate as it should be. The pre-war Beecham set, which has come out on LP in America, seems to me still likely to give more lasting pleasure than the newer recording. The *Barbiere* is altogether better recorded than *Zauberflöte;* there are a few coarse patches, but the orchestral tone is uniformly excellent, the balance good, and a theatre atmosphere is achieved. Though he cannot manage all the floridities, Nicola Monti gives a most authentic rendering of the Count, and the Bartolo of Melchiorre Luise has real bravura. As Rosina, Victoria de los Angeles is not altogether happy, for pathos—not humour or light-heartedness—is this beautiful singer's strong suit. Still, there is a great deal to enjoy in her performance. About Gino Bechi's Figaro the less said the better: he sings vociferously and with no sense of style. The Columbia *Meistersinger* has been enormously improved in the course of transference to LP. The woodwind is still a dead loss, and sounds like a distant harmonium behind the magnificent strings; but Karajan conducts the opera with great verve and in the final scene one really feels the presence of the stage. As Walther and Sachs, Hopf and Edelmann are inferior to Treptow and Schoeffler—especially in the third act; but the Eva of Elisabeth Schwarzkopf is a wonderful assumption, at every point superior to that of Hilde Gueden. On balance, I continue to prefer the Decca set, but readers are advised to sample the Columbia before deciding, for in the case of so big and various a work personal considerations are bound to play a large part. MOZART: Mass, C Minor, K 427 (Schweiger/Toepper / Meyer - Welfing / London / Vienna Akademic Chorus and Sym. Orch./Zallinger. §HLP 2006, 2 discs). This exceedingly fine work was intended by Mozart to celebrate his marriage with Constanze Weber, but for unknown reasons he never completed it. The missing sections (half the *Credo* and the *Agnus Dei*) were added, at the end of the 19th century, by a Dresden musician, Alois Schmitt, who made use of material from earlier Masses by Mozart. The job was done in a scholarly way, but unfortunately Schmitt also made some pointless cuts in the existing sections of the C minor Mass. The present recording omits Schmitt's additional movements and restores the cuts. The performance, apart from some rather clumsy singing from Hertha Toepper, is a good one, and the orchestral part is admirably recorded, with an impressively solid bass; but the acoustic is a little too dry and the balance very uneven (in the *Benedictus* Meyer-Welfing is scarcely audible). With these reservations, I recommend the set; but readers are reminded that the most famous movement, *Et incarnatus*, is available in a far better rendering by Erna Berger (*DB6536). BACH: Christmas Oratorio (Soloists/Stuttgart Choral Society/Suebian Sym. Orch./Grischkat. §PLP 201—4 discs). This is a most authoritative performance, though I wonder whether many people will welcome the retention of every single *Da capo* in the score. The solo singing is very decent and the soprano (Marta Schilling) really excellent. The chorus is placed far enough from the microphone never to sound screamy (a great advantage), but the recording varies widely, often becoming furry and congested. WARLOCK: *The Curlew* (Soames/Gilbert/Goossens (cor anglais)/Aeolian String Qt. *C 7934-6). This setting of W. B. Yeats is no doubt the best composition of a curiously interesting, deeply musical, but ultimately defeated nature. Useless to pretend that *The Curlew* is not abominably sad; none the less, it is a work of art, unforgettably haunting and in its minor way a real contribution to English music. René Soames sings very intelligently, though without much beauty of tone, and the instrumental part is sensitively played and well balanced. Side 6 contains Peter Warlock's beautiful realisation of a 16th century *Corpus Christi* carol, in which the tenor is joined by Flora Nielsen. Also recommended: ROSSINI: *William Tell*—"Sombre forêt" (Hammond. *DB 21549); VERDI: *La Forza del Destino*—Finale, Act 2 (Hammond/Rossi-Lemeni. *DB 9779).

45 r.p.m. discs. Regarded (as they should be) as a new form of SP, these discs have certain obvious advantages: they are very small, light as Christmas cards, less breakable even than LP's (children would enjoy flicking them about, as Flying Saucers), the surface is quite silent, and the tone does not deteriorate at the centre. At the same time, I think it must be admitted that the quality of these records is at present capricious; most of those issued up to now have appeared before on 78 and, while some have been improved and others have retained their previous characteristics, a large number have been harmed by the transfer. It is unsafe, therefore, to assume that a starred 78 will retain its star (or stars) in the 45 version. I cannot pretend yet to have heard the whole of both issues, and although they will all be included in THE RECORD YEAR for 1953, I shall not have space in future to make more than an occasional reference to 45s in this column. However, in support of the above remarks, I now offer a cross-section, graded according to (a) improvement on previous 78, (b) neither better nor worse, (c) distinctly worse. (a) STRAUSS: *Salome*—Dance of the Seven Veils (RPO/Beecham. 7R103); LISZT: Hungarian Rhapsody No. 6, D flat major (Horowitz. 7R142); CILEA: **L'Arlesiana*—Lamento di Federico; PUCCINI: *Tosca*—"E lucevan le stelle" (Di Stefano. 7R115); VERDI: *La Battaglia di Legnano*—Overture (Philharmonia/Markevitch. **7P117); CHOPIN: Ballade No. 1, G minor (Stefanska. **7P130); NICOLAI: *Merry Wives*—Overture (LPO/Boult. *DB 7R109. (b) WIDOR: Toccata (Germani. 7P118). SAINT-SAËNS: Introduction and Rondo capriccioso (Heifetz. **7R133); WAGNER: *Tannhäuser*—"Dich, teure Halle"; LOHENGRIN:—Elsa's Dream (De los Angeles. *7R132; VERDI: *La Forza del Destino*—Overture (Philharmonia/Markevitch. **7P125); MUSSOGSKY: *Khovanschchina*—Dositheu's aria (Christoff. **7D136); BORODIN: *Prince Igor*—Kontchak's aria (Christoff. *7R125); GRANADOS: Spanish Dances (Iturbi. **7R111). (b) JOHANN and JOSEF STRAUSS: Pizzicato Polka and TCHAIKOVSKY: Waltz from Serenade Op 48 (Vienna Phil/Furtwängler. 7R134); TCHAIKOVSKY: Ditto—Finale (Ditto. 7R140); MENDELSSOHN: Hebrides Overture (Hallé/Barbirolli. 7R120). (c) VERDI: *Luisa Miller*—Overture (Philharmonia/Markevitch. 7P116); BELLINI: *I Puritani*—"Qui la voce"; DONIZETTI: *Don Pasquale*—"Quel guardo" (Carosio. 7R137); SIBELIUS: *Finlandia* (Philharmonia/Malko. 7P101). ROSSINI: *Barbiere*—Overture (N.B.C.S.O./Toscanini. 7R138); BRITTEN: Folk Songs (Pears/Britten. 7R108).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,194

Set by Richard Lister

The usual prizes are offered for half a dozen couplets embodying six New Year resolutions by any one of the following groups:—Catholic convert novelists, Ealing film producers, *Times* Fourth Leader writers, Levites (disciples of Dr. F. R. Leavis) or birch-loving magistrates. Entries by January 20th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,191

Set by Peter Pastmaster

"Five children—mother—tall lady, eating sandwiches—forgot the arch—crash—knock—children look round—mother's head off—sandwich in her hand—no mouth to put it in—head of the family off—shocking, shocking!" The usual prizes are offered for a short story dealing with a contemporary and grisly theme narrated in Mr. Jingle's manner. Limit 150 words.

Report by Peter Pastmaster

Most entrants made up for a lack of Dickensian *pastiche* with an abundance of blood-curdling ingenuity. Few managed to catch Mr. Jingle's Bren gun rhythm. Instead, abysses of Grand Guignol sadism were revealed: competitors indulged in an orgy of mincing, slicing, chopping, clipping, boiling and smothering. Babies were pushed into ovens, mothers sucked into flying jets, a thin husband rotated wildly in a steam-cleaner. Allan Laing's "arm here—leg there—torso floating on tide—nose blown out to sea—brains—blood—lots of both—" was symptomatic of the general urge to destruction.

Death struck most suddenly in the afternoon:

Fat lady—getting off bus—Oxford Circus—whoomfa—buzz-bomb—plateglass window—flipped like a playing card—in the midst of life—torso on the platform tendering fare—hips walked into Peter Robinson's—shocking, shocking. (Graeme Wilson).

Peter Phelan plumped for the brisk domestic tragedy:

Man in the fog—own hand—couldn't see it—thick as soup—on the Embankment—woman—he'd risk it—might be ugly—merciful fog—couldn't see—"Thank you" when he'd finished—fatal gentility—his wife—knew his voice—marriage on rocks—murky, very!

First prize of two guineas to Fitz, a guinea each to Eric Swainson, Goodwill and Graeme Wilson, and half a guinea to P. A. L. Scott and Peter Phelan. M. B. Shaw and Pat Bullen highly commended.

Mr. Bevan—radical views—excellent fellow—private life—blood donor—good by stealth—creditable—very.—Mr. Attlee—Party meeting—crossing road—deep thought—bus unnoticed—knocked down—terrible thing—taken to hospital—doctors anxious—blood transfusion—odd thing—chance in a million—Bevan's blood—highly effective—rapid recovery—marked change—NOT so clement—full of fire—highly pugnacious—Party warned—iron discipline—any dissenters—no quarter—treated as VERMIN—country-wide campaign—colourful oratory—clarion call—up-and-down—high and low—nationalise everything—equalise everybody—Transport House—highly dubious—quiet as mice—daren't be otherwise—Fleet Street's soubriquet—"Attlee the Terrible"—amazing thing—thumping majority—Palace summons—Cabinet formed—Bevan omitted—TOO MODERATE—odd business—VERY!

FITZ

World champion runner—starter's pistol—bang—off—tremendous pace—supersonic speed—through sound barrier—wham!—overtakes pistol shot—bang—fresh impetus—laps pistol shot—bang—laps again—bang—again—bang—again—bang—perpetual motion?—No!—takes fire at twenty-fifth lap—puff of smoke—lick of flame—merges with cinder track! American spectator: "Gee, the guy's all burned up!"

ERIC SWAINSON

Modern sculpture—queer stuff—very—full of holes—heard of a case—butcher's wife—goes to exhibition—interesting condition—returns home excited—triplets born—all without stomachs—hollow babies—nurse tearing hair—doctor called in—brilliant young surgeon—friend of mine—sees what's happened—runs down to shop—gives butcher order—three lambs' stomachs—off the ration—rushes upstairs—sews them in—fills the gap—babies saved—congratulations all round—lovely children—one snag, though—won't eat meat—disagrees with stomachs—nothing but salads—takes some explaining—customers suspicious—very.

GOODWILL

Sunday night—television—family circle—"What's My Line?"—most diverting—not for mother—very angry—Gilbert Harding—very rude, she always says—written twice to B.B.C.—no reply—most frustrating—this time very rude indeed—insulted housewife—mother snatches poker—crash—smash—big blue flash—sizzle sizzle—smell of roast—little cinder left on carpet—mother gone—Gilbert Harding, gone—doubly tragic—doubly tragic!

P. A. L. SCOTT

AUCTION

BY direction of the Executors of the late Dr. Norman Haire, Ch.M., M.B. 127 Harley St., W.1. The valuable contents of the residence comprising Chinese Lacquer and Hardwood Furniture, including wardrobes, bedsteads, cabinets, desk, tables, settees and sets of chairs. English and other appointments consisting of oak dressers, chests, bureaux, settees and easy chairs, etc. Also fine Chinese carpets and rugs. Steinway Bourdoir Grand Pianoforte. A collection of Oriental art, silver and plated ware, linen, china, and glass, Gestetner duplicator, typewriters, wire recorders, 2 Stenotype machines, 2 refrigerators and miscellanea. 1950 Ford Pilot and 1949 Ford Prefect motor cars, which Phillips, Son & Neale are instructed to sell on the Premises on Wednesday and Thursday, January 21 and 22, 1953, at 11 o'clock each day. On view Saturday and Monday prior to the sale from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. each day. Catalogues (price 6d.) may be obtained from the Auctioneers, Blenstock House, 7 Blenheim St., New Bond St., W.1 (Tel. MAYfair 2424), in conjunction with Messrs. G. D. Roberson & Partners, 5 High Holborn, W.C.1 (Tel. HOLborn 4234).

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LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. 3s. 6d., postage 2d., from N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet Street, Torquay.

A SPECIAL offer of 4th floor twin-bedded rooms 4½ guineas each inclusive of "extras." See Normanhurst's other announcement this section.

IDEAL for quiet winter holidays, with gd. food, warmth, every comf., amidst peaceful surrndgs. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 263.

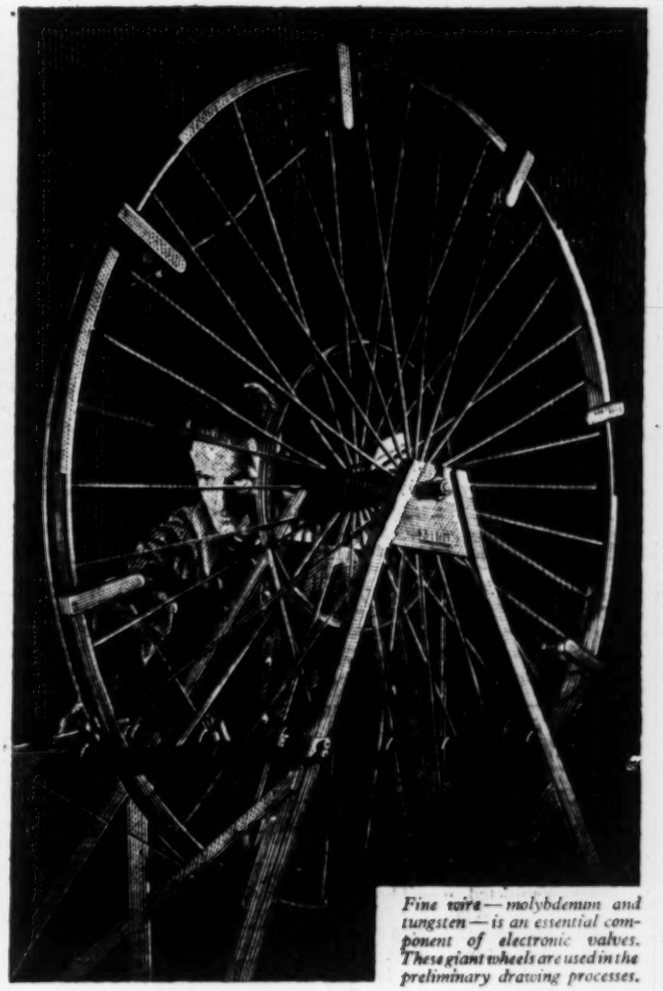
FARM Holidays: 1953 Guide describing "Britain's Best Farm Houses." Pages of Photographs. 2s. 8d. post free. Farm Guide, Dept. N.S.N., 49 Broomlands, Paisley.

HOSPITALITY offered paying guests in quiet country house S.W. France. Excel. air & food. Reasonable. Mdlles. Delpit, Logis les Francs, Cherveux, Deux Sèvres.

SCHOLARSHIPS

HUDSON'S Bay Scholarships. Applications are invited for two Scholarships to be awarded by the Trustees of the Hudson's Bay Company Scholarship Fund for study in Canada in 1953. The Scholarships are awarded to encourage the study of business administration, to contribute to the higher education of business executives and to strengthen the links between the business communities in Canada and the United Kingdom. The value of the Scholarships will be $1,800 (Can.) per annum plus return transportation expenses between the United Kingdom and Canada and the normal tenure will be one year, but in exceptional cases this may be extended to two years. The Scholarships are open to University Graduates, and candidates must be British-born subjects ordinarily resident in the United Kingdom who at the date of applying are over 23 years of age and have not passed their 30th birthday. Candidates will be selected by a Committee sitting in London, and no scholar will be elected without a personal interview. In exceptional cases the Selection Committee may recommend awards to candidates who are not University Graduates but who, in the opinion of the Committee, have other qualifications fitting them for the kind of study for which the Scholarships are designed. Full particulars and form of application, which should be submitted not later than February 17, 1953, may be obtained on application to the Secretary, Hudson's Bay Scholarships, Beaver House, Great Trinity Lane, London, E.C.4.

HEADINGTON School, Oxford. Two Open Entrance Scholarships and a Music Scholarship are offered on the results of an examination to be held on February 3 to 6. Girls must be over 11 and under 14 on September 1, 1953. The maximum value of the awards is £160. Closing date for entries January 27. Particulars and application forms from the Head Mistress.



Fine wire—molybdenum and tungsten—is an essential component of electronic valves. These giant wheels are used in the preliminary drawing processes.

PROGRESS IN ELECTRONICS

IN the course of its progress the electronics industry has had a profound influence on many subsidiary industries. Twenty-five years ago, for instance, Britain's annual output of fine molybdenum and tungsten wire was about fifty million yards. Today, this figure represents little more than a month's production in Mullard's own giant plant. These enormous quantities are largely absorbed in the manufacture of Mullard radio valves, television tubes and other electronic devices.

Mullard make this vital raw material themselves in order to control the quality of their products from the earliest stage of manufacture. The factory in which it is produced is one of the most efficient in the world, and the advanced manufacturing methods and the specialised skills employed there are typical of the whole Mullard organisation.

Yet electronics itself is still in its infancy. New applications in industry, communications, medicine and defence are being devised at an ever increasing rate. The Mullard contribution, in research and production, is one of the more significant aspects of this remarkable development.

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(MP.3911F)

CHESS : A Lesson Well Learned

No. 171

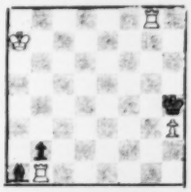
To go down as ingloriously as anyone guilty of an injudicious pawn-snatch, and four years later to prove that lesson well learned by meting out the same fate with colours reversed—that, surely, must be at least as rare an occurrence as the repetition of precisely the same position. But such repetitions are not quite as rare as may be imagined, and it was Gligoric who got the lucky chance of applying a lesson bitterly learned four years earlier. It was at Saltsjöbadan in 1948 when playing Black against Stahlberg that the Yugoslav master reached this position and could not resist the temptation of snatching (1) . . . KtxP.

He was duly punished by (2) KtxKt, QxKt ; (3) Kt-Q5 !, Q-B4 ; (4) BxKt, BxB. Here, if only Stahlberg had seen (or known) what V. Andersen saw in precisely the same position at Copenhagen 14 years earlier, he could have rung down the curtain at once by the devastating (5) Q-K4 ! ; it seems an obvious move, but Stahlberg saw only the second best, good enough, though, to win the game for him. (5) Q-R5, P-KR3 ; (6) KtxB ch, PxKt ; (7) QxRP, P-B4 ; (8) QR-K1, Q-B3 ; (9) Q-Kt5 ch, K-R2 ; (10) R-K3, QxP ch ; (11) QxQ, BxQ ; (12) KxB, and Gligoric played on for quite a while before resigning the hopeless struggle.

It must have been thrilling for him, at Hollywood 1952, to play much the same thing with colours reversed. The position was the same, except for the (immaterial) difference of the White QRP and the Black QR still being at home. This time it was Joyner who had the Black pieces and fell for the same

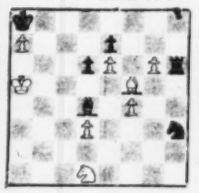
A : Nadel 1932

B: E. Brunner 1916



P-snatch, with the same sequel, except that on the 4 move he retook the B with the pawn. Gligoric won quite neatly by (5) Q-Kt4 ch, K-R1 ; (6) Q-R4, P-B4 ; (7) KtxB, Q-K4 ; (8) P-B5 !, PxP ; (9) B-Kt5, and Black resigned because the White Kt will now be saved. But this too was only second best, and had Gligoric known as much about this position as H. Heemsoth (who reports these interesting repetitions in the *Deutsche Schachblätter*) the Yugoslav master could have won as quickly and elegantly as Engels did when facing precisely the same position in 1937. He played (5) KtxB ch, QxKt ; (6) Q-Kt4 ch, K-R1 ; (7) Q-R4 !, and Black resigned at once. (This seems to be an old 4-pointer of ours).

C : V. Bron 1947



In this week's competition the traditional 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White forced a very pretty mate in 3 ; how ? **B**—a mate in 6—should please our much neglected problem-addicts ; it is a rather witty piece and may be worth as much as 6 points to the uninitiated. As for **C**, though—White to draw—this may well be underrated even with 7 points.

Usual prizes. Entries by January 19.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set December 20

A : (1) Q x P ch, K x Q, (2) R-R5 ch, K-Kt2, (3) B-R6 ch, K any, (4) B-B8 mate.

B : (1) P-R7 ch, K x Kt, (2) P-Kt6 ch, K-K3, (3) P-B5 ch, K x Kt, (4) P-K4 ch, K-B5, (5) P-Q3 ch, K-Kt6, (6) B-B2 ch, K-Kt7, (7) P-B4 ch, Kt-B3, (8) B x Kt mate.

C : (1) Q-KB7, B-Q1, (2) Q-QR7, R-QR5, (3) Q-KR7, R-K5, (4) Q-R1 mate ; if (3) . . . B-K5, (4) Q-R4 mate.

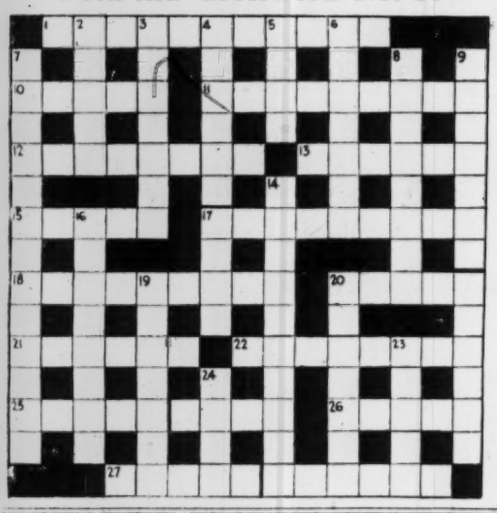
D : (1) B-Q1, P-B8 (Kt) ch, (2) K-Kt1, Kt-Kt6, (3) K-Kt2, Kt-K5, (4) B-Q8 ch, etc.

E : (1) Kt-B3, K-R3, (2) B-Kt8, Kt-K2 ch, (3) K-K6, Kt x B, (4) K-B7, K-R2, (5) KtKt-5 ch, K-R1, (6) P-B3, Kt-R3, (7) K x P, Kt-Kt1, (8) Kt-B7 mate.

Most competitors dropped a few points over one or another of the last three pieces. Perfectly flawless solutions from D. E. Cohen, G. S. Fisher, G. B Sarson ; they share the prizes.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 30



ACROSS

1. They provide shoes, but not boots (11).
10. A newspaper to make one groan (5).
11. Quarters by a river ; a bell-tent perhaps ? (9).
12. The game one aims at in a short course (8).
13. Feels sorry for good matches (6).
15. Gives consolation as in a backward area of the Church (5).
17. Philosopher of venerable appearance (9).
18. A 7 might take place at this sale (9).
20. Where there is a return service (5).
21. " The true —— will let his wife starve " (Shaw) (6).
22. Novel resort in Sussex (8).
25. That dog Hamlet ? (5, 4).
26. The use of feet against Celtic (5).
27. Test breaker (anagram) (5, 6).

DOWN

2. Judge who produced a fruit (5).
3. A star can work (7).
4. Following breeze which helps the athlete (6, 4).
5. Theories to miss maybe (4).
6. Miltonic sea (7).
7. Recrimination in a bargain basement battle ? (13).
8. Furs for four among the burrowers (8).
9. Professional charm has been damned, sir (7, 6).
14. They do not object to food burning (10).
16. Closed in so that there is warmth in the building (8).
19. Taste or stone (7)
20. Cockney highwayman's demand for a town (7).
23. One of them was stopped by an old seaman (5).
24. Subtle's confederate (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 29

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed breakf., dinner opt. Moderate.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29, West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. Near Earls Court. H. & C. all rms. Personal attn. Bed & breakfast from 12s. 6d. Meals optional.

LONDON. Superior guest house, 27 Philbeach Gdns., Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7879. Bed and Breakfast, 15s.

FURN. 6-rmd. new maisonette Kensington. Garage, gdns. 10gns. p.w. PAR. 7912.

LARGE attractive bed-sit. room, suit bus./prof. couple, modern block of flats, close bus & tube, near West End. CUN. 8406.

CHARMING Flat to let (Regents Park), 3 rms., kitchen, bathrm., hot & cold water, 2nd floor, lift, rent £350 p.a. excl. Box 5995.

TWO bachelors reqd. to share newly converted flat with 2 others. £8 each mthly. GUI. 5401, after 9 a.m. Sat.

A WELL furnished single bedroom; h. & c. running water; gas fire; ring; lady pref. 37s. 6d. p.w. Halifax, 89a Alexandra Road, N.W.8. MAI. 3436 (mornings only).

BEAUTIFUL furn. accom. Marble Arch. Ckg. facils., constant H.W. £2 10s. person week. Tel. WEL. 3921 before 5.30 p.m.

HAMPSTEAD Heath, large room, 2 divans, new carpet, cooking facils., use bathroom, 'phone. HAM. 1246/or Box 6023.

TO let, furn. suite in superior flat, Hampstead. Two rooms, kitchenette, bathroom, c.h.w. 5gns. weekly inclusive light, heat, bedlinen. Suitable prof. lady or gent. Refs. requested. Box 5790.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

YOUNG Artist offers share furnished s./c. flat ground floor, S.W.5, with another woman. 3gns. FREmantle 9097.

LARGE sunny bedsit-room. Breakfast, supper optional. Quiet modern house, mod. terms, 25 mins. W. End. GLA. 7297.

COMF. divan sitting-room, ckg. facils. Clapham South, 35s. Battersea 3565.

LARGE, comfortably furn. bed-sit. Elec. fire, h. & c., sheets & towels, daily cleaner, share kit. & bath. Near tubes & buses. Avail. now, business people or students. Refs. reqd. Box 5877.

SERVICE Rooms, Chelsea, fully furn., central htg., c.h.w., full breakfast & dinner incl., 5½gns. p.w. FLA. 7755.

WEST Kensington. Several furnished flats available from 4-8gns. p.w. to be let for 6-12 months. Box 5892.

2 GIRLS offer third room modern central-heated flat, W.8. Tel., h.w. Feb.-May, poss. longer. 2½gns. Box 5895.

A BACHELOR apartment, well-kept house, Knightsbridge. 3½gns. Breakfast. H. & C. Gas fire and ring. Central heating, etc. KEN. 4367 or write Box 5949.

TO let: a well-furnished room, all comfort, preferably to lady. Near Olympia. Tel.: SHE. 2873.

HOMELY accom. for young lady. 308 Horn Lane, W.3. ACOrn 4930.

GIRL offers share quiet S.W.1 flat to another (27 plus). Box 5950.

A ROOM at One's Own. Front divan bed-sitter. Independence guaranteed & expected. Croydon ten minutes. Box 5937.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

ST. John's Wood. Charm. furn. flat, priv. resid. Reas. Refs. rqd. MAI. 5647.

OXFORD graduate & wife offer single accomm., light ckg. facils., 45s. 6d. p.w. Quiet, congenial atmosphere. Music, literature appreciated. Hampstead area. Box 5983.

EXCHANGE: Rent restr. unfurn. s/c flat, 3 rooms, kit. & bath., S.W.10, for similar or larger, with garden or use of. Pref. Hampstead, Highgate, Putney. Box 5779.

BED-Sitting room required by Jewish young lady music student, with facilities for piano practice. Breakfasts and evening meals and occasional week-end meals. Preferably on Bakerloo line and within approx. 20 mins. from Baker St. Full particulars to Box 5865.

CANADIAN student and wife require furnished s/c flat anywhere London. TER. 0907, evening or weekend.

BACHELOR, prof. occupation, wishes meet another with house flat to share on friendly but independent basis: 'phone, usual amenities and own sizeable room essen. Inner S.W. area prefd. Box 5897.

CULTURED Nigerian family, 3 adults, need house/flat London, May to September: 2/3 bedrms., sitt-rm., dining rm., tel., etc. £12-£15 wkly. Highest refs. Box 5811.

PROF. woman wants unfurn. accom., S.W.5, W.11 or W.8. Tel. Park 8277.

PROF. lady, middle-40s, wd. like to share apartment with anr. lady, sep. bedrms., Bloomsbury/Hampstead distr. MAY. 8566.

SMALL flat or 2 rooms, furn. or unfurn., wanted by young woman (designer). Mod. rent. Willing redecorate. Box 5999.

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AUTHORS' MSS., Scripts, Theses carefully typed. Business documents copied. Mrs. Taylor, 34 Peel St., W.8. PARk 5504.

DUPLICATING Typewriting. Price Lists, Memoranda, etc. Eyles (Duplicating), 395 Hornsey Rd., N.19. ARChway 1765, Ext. 1.

FOR Typing contact Kathryn Cherryl, 220 Plashet Grove, London, E.6. London MSS collected & delivered by hand if requested.

HAZEL Porteous will type your Thesis, Novel, Play or Technical MS. Efficient personal serv., highly recom. by prominent writers. 79 Hamilton Rd., Felixstowe, Suffolk.

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THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau. Efficient work by intelligent typists. Careful checking, speedy service. 24 hours for duplicating. Translations. Mod. charges. 2a Downshire Hill, London, N.W.3. HAM. 8879.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

B.B.C. requires Programme Assistant for Russian Section. Duties include selecting, editing and writing material for broadcast to listeners in Soviet Union and supervising work of other Programme Assistants. Sound knowledge of written and spoken Russian, interest in current affairs and close acquaintance with modern Russian scene are essential. Journalistic experience an important asset. Shift work. Starting salary £795 or £900 rising by five annual increments to £1,065 or £1,195 per annum respectively according to qualifications. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "P.A.R.S.N.Stm." within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

TRADE Unionists with a wide experience of negotiations are invited to apply for the post of Industrial Officer to work from Sheffield. Salary £520 rising to £624 per annum plus £1 per week special allowance. Application form from the General Secretary, Association of Supervisory Staffs, Executives & Technicians, 110 Park Street, London, W.1.

TELEVISION Service Manager. Applications are invited for this position at Beatties of Wolverhampton, which is the largest independent Department Store in the West Midlands. The man appointed must be quick at diagnosis and widely experienced in radio and television service work, able to control a busy workshop and organise outside work. All service records and maintenance scheme will be in charge of the selected applicant who is offered up to £600 p.a. with superannuation, annual bonus and other special allowances. Applicants unsuccessful for above vacancy may be considered for an alternative position. Apply in writing to Staff Controller, James Beattie Ltd., Wolverhampton.

TRAINING in the management of housing estates for local authorities, housing associations, etc.: paid studentships available in various parts of the country. For further information, apply Sec., The Society of Housing Managers, 13 Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

TECHNICAL Librarian and Information Officer required by well-known engineering company in the London area. The post would be particularly suited to a lady graduate in Physics or Engineering and whose interests cover a wide field in modern industrial manufacturing techniques. The candidate appointed would be required to prepare Bibliographies and, in some cases, reports on a wide range of subjects covering Radio, Electronics, Mechanical Engineering and Physical Chemistry as an information service to Development Engineers and would be expected to keep in close touch with all the Company's activities. In addition, the candidate would be required to control a Technical Library and look after the circulation of scientific periodicals and the indexing of technical information. The post is pensionable and is open to British-born subjects only. Apply, giving full particulars and quoting ref. NS/TL, to Box 5914.

AN unusual opportunity occurs for a thoroughly capable artist in the studio of a well-known advertising agency. The successful applicant will be well experienced in commercial art, a figure man with a good sense of pattern, versatile and quick; he will be neither inexperienced nor an amateur. This appointment might particularly suit an artist living on the north-west side of London. The salary will be appropriate to his abilities. The existing senior studio staff is aware of this advertisement. All replies, which should include full particulars of experience, will be treated as confidential. Box 5975.

ASSISTANT Secretary req. for London headquarters of national woman's organisation with wide interests. Sal. £450 p.a. Apply, giving age & partics. of exper. Box 5934.

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HOUSEKEEPING Nurses required (Two). Required by University Lecturer, to nurse paralysed wife (aged 53), also take charge of household. Help given for rough work. Pleasant self-contained two-roomed flat. Satisfactory wages paid for the two right people. Highgate district. Write only to: 65 Uphill Road, Mill Hill, N.W.7.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PUBLISHING House in London has vacancy for an assistant in its Sales Department to work partly in the office and partly calling on the trade. Applications are invited from young men, finished National Service, between ages 22 and 25. Applicants should have some experience in bookselling either with a bookseller or a publishing house handling scientific and technical publications. Experience of direct mail work or publicity an asset. Write Box 5936.

PERSONAL Assistant of high intelligence & integrity required by owner of London retail business of good standing. Good English, typing & figure work essential. State age and full details of career. Box 5979.

GRADUATE Master (single) required for General Subjects and Games. Small Co-ed. school in West Country. Box 5714.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists wanted for permanent posts in London; also for occasional work on our Emergency Staff (£6 10s., 10-5, no Sats.). Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Great Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

SHORTHAND-Typist, half-time, wanted by Community centre. For further particulars send stamped addressed envelope to 29 Marsham Street, London, S.W.1.

FABIAN Society requires secretary/shorthand typist, £6 5s. p.w. × 7s. 6d.—£8 10s., as assistant in the International Bureau. Full particulars to Gen. Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

WANTED, by first-class London Frame Maker, educated girl (any nationality) interested in craftsmanship, to train as Gilder. Initial pay £4 10s p.w. Box 5955.

COTSWOLD Honey Farmer requires keen young man not afraid of hard work. Knowledge of bee-keeping essential, driving an advantage. Perm. position and good prospects. James Holgate, Oakridge, Stroud, Glos.

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YOUNG man, 28, managerial and secretarial experience in catering, commerce and industry, seeks responsible position. Fast shorthand-typist. Knowledge of German, Russian. Driving licence. Box 5821.

ARTIST employed Commercial studio wants change. Exp. book jacket design, creative layout, lettering, etc. Box 5940.

MAN, 26, wants difficult job, London. Box 5938.

MAN, 33, 2½ years artists' manager well-known internat. Opera/Concert Agency, seeks more remunerative employment musical world. Speaks French, German. Box 5918.

YOUNG man, 23, no paper qualifications, but varied exp. drawing-office, lab., journ., ex-R.A.F. (radar); seeks interesting post. Anything considered. Box 5964.

GARDENER Handyman or Agric. Worker reqs. sitn., cottage acc. pref. Box 5984.

OXFORD grad. willing work abroad. Anywhere, anything, Mar./April. Box 5945.

YNG. German girl, sks. work in London. German, Ital., English, typg. Box 5944.

YOUNG woman (23) trained librarian, South African public library and political experience, seeks position in London, June, 1953, not necessarily library work. Good refs. Reply Advertiser, Box 4754, Jhb., South Africa.

PERSONAL Assistant (Lady) seeks post U.S.A., or one offering opportunity Transatlantic travel. Over 13 years' good practical commercial experience British and American organisations backed by sound Secretarial trg. Very gd. General Knowledge. Languages. Exper. dealing with people at all levels. Very excell. refs. Free now. Box 5827.

EXPERIENCED secretary seeks afternoon work Monday to Friday. London. Own portable typewriter if required. Box 5832.

EXPD. Secretary Sh./Typist free occasional periods. ARC. 1765, Ex. 1.

PERSONAL

18TH Cent. Grand Piano. Orig. strings and action in playing cond. 5 octaves. Fine Rosewood Case (Broadwood). Box 5971.

AU Pair: We arrange 3-9 months' stay Switzerland, France, Belgium for young educated girls willing help with children, easy housework; pocket money. Educational Touring Service, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

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PERSONAL—continued

WINTER Sports Party to Innet-Alpbach, Tyrol, Austria, Jan. 17, invites few others in search of economical ski-ing holiday with pleasant company: 16 days' holiday 28 gns. Spending money £14. Other similar parties February, Erna Low, 47, Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911/9225.

1953 holidays. Our new programme has just been published. Walking tours in the Swiss Alps, Pyrenees, Dolomites, etc. Sightseeing in Greece, Southern Italy, Paris, Portugal, Yugoslavia. Pioneering in Bosnia, the Atlas Mountains, Lapland. Mountaineering in the Tyrol, Savoy, Switzerland. Camping in Corsica. Youth hostelling in Luxembourg, the Black Forest, the Bernese Oberland. Ski-ing in Switzerland and Austria. Nearly 100 different holidays to choose from and all of them out of the ordinary. Write for programme to Ramblers' Association Services, 48a Park Road, Baker Street, N.W.1.

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

PERSONAL—continued

ART. Take up Drawing or Painting. Famous Artists teach you by post. The Teaching is a sheer joy, easy, inexpensive. Pupils exhibit in Royal Academy, etc. Beginners' and Advanced Courses in every branch of Art. Illustrated Prospectus free. Press Art School, Ltd. (Dept. NS.12), Tudor Hall, S.E.23.

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P.S. Have you carried out that New Year resolution to write to Harold Ingham for his 1953 program?

P.P.S. If not, write now to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow, or 'phone Harrow 1040.

FELLOWSHIPS

THE University of Manchester. Simon Fellowships. The University is offering one or more Simon Fellowships for advanced study or research in the Social Sciences, this term being construed in a wide sense. The Fellowships are tenable for one year with a possible extension to two years, and are of a value within the range £700-£1,500 per annum according to experience and qualifications. They are open to members of the public services as well as to persons with academic experience. Applications should be sent not later than March 1, 1953, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

BURSARIES

FIRCROFT, Residential College for Working Men. Bursaries 1953-54. The Fircroft Committee are able to offer six bursaries (£75-£150) for a one year's course of study in Economics, Politics, History, International Relations, Social Studies, English Language and Literature, etc., for the year beginning September 26, 1953. Copies of the prospectus and application forms can be obtained from the Warden, Fircroft College, Bournville, Birmingham, 30.

SCHOOLS

FORTIS Green School, 68 Fortis Green, N.2, co-educational progressive, independent, day and weekly boarding school: children 2-12 yrs. Recognised by Min. of Ed. Spacious grounds, small classes, individual work, project method, outdoor activities; pupils sit common entrance exam. 11+.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 7. Sat., Sun., 5 & 8. "Maria Marten." Run extended. Book now. Mems. 5s. yearly.

UNITY. Eus. 5391. Last 2 perfs. "Strangers in the Land", 7.30. "Bridge of Life", Fri. Jan. 16, 7.30. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Evgs. 10.30 (ex. Mon.). Sun. 9.30. "In the Picture," an intimate late-night Revue. Mems. 5s. year.

L.A.T.P., "The Hypochondriack" by Molière at Toynbee Hall Theatre (Commercial St., Aldgate); FUL. 4146, 7.30 p.m. Jan. 14, 15, 16, 17. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evgs. 7.30 (ex. Mon.). Sun., 6.30. "Ubu Roi," a Burlesque in Masks by Alfred Jarry. Mems. 5s. yearly.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Cocteau Season. Until January 11: "Orpheus" (A). From January 12: Edwige Feuillere, Jean Marais, in "L'Aigle a Deux Têtes." (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank, WAT. 3232. Sun., Jan. 11-Wed., Jan. 14 (Mems. only). 1915 programme "Passions of Men," "Road to Ruin." 6.15, 8.30, "Not to be missed"—Winnington. Open to public Sat., Jan. 10. Doors 12.30. Details of membership from British Film Institute, 164 Shaftesbury Ave., W.C.2.

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., Jan. 11, 7.30, "Froken Julie" (A) (Swedish).

ILFORD New Era Film Society (VAL. 8406). Sat., Jan. 10. Seven King's Library Hall, Ilford, 2.30. Children's Film Show with Chaplin Sleeping Princess (U.S.S.R. colour cartoon) & Bim (France); All welc. 2s. (children 9d.). 7.30 p.m. Social & Dance with Orchestra; Square Dancing; Floor Show. 2s.

NEW Year Social and Party, New Hungarian Folk Art and Photography; Martinique folk-songs and songs by de Falla, sung by Hosna Dorra; Burl Ives, Josh White in "Tall Tales" folk him and Chaplin film; January 11, 7.30 p.m., at British Hungarian Friendship Society, 33 Pembridge Square, W.2. Adm. 2s. members, 2s. 6d. guests.

NIGERIA Union New Year's Dance at Porchester Hall, Porchester Rd., W.2, Tuesday, Jan. 13, 7-11.45 p.m. Popular Band, fun, prizes, refreshments & bar. Tkts. at door —gents 5s., ladies 4s. Dress optional.

SAILING Barge: Glencoe Arts Club, Brewers Quay, Tower Hill (adjacent Tower Pier). Poetry reading—David Wright & Paddy Dear read from their own works, 8 p.m., Sat. Jan. 17. Mems. 1s. 6d. Guests 1s. Bar open to members 5 p.m.-11 p.m. daily. HIL. 2592.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society Dance, Saturday, Jan. 10, at the Artworkers' Guildhall, 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1, 7.30. 4s.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall, Jan. 23 at 8. London Baroque Ensemble, Cond. Karl Haas. Serenades Dvorak & Mozart; Symphony—Strauss. WATerloo 3191 & Agents.

CHELSEA Town Hall. Tues., Jan. 13, at 8 p.m. Kalmar Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Colin Davis. Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert and Wilfred Mellers. Tickets 5s. & 3s. 6d., at Chelsea Town Hall or PARk 5334.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. New illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

MATISSE Sculpture and Studies for Paintings. Tate Gallery. Open till Feb. 22. Week-days 10-6; Sundays 2-6. Adm. 1s.

MAX Ernst. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Tues. to Fri. 11-6. Sat. 11-5. Gallery closed Sun. & Mon.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Avenue, W.C.1. Etchings and Sculpture by Peter L. Peri, Dec. 21 until Jan. 23.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Sculptures and Drawings by Georg Ehrlich. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

CHINESE Ceramics from Sir Alan Barlow's Collection, Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Jan. 31, Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues. and Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Paintings by Ursula McCannell. 1st Exhibition of Paintings by J. D. H. Cutleugh.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Recent paintings by John Verney; Paintings by Mary Fedden and drawings of Seaports by Stephen Tennant. English & French Lithographs. Hours 10-6; Sat. 10-1.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Winter Exhibition of Drawings and XIX Century French Paintings.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Edward Wakeford. Watercolours by Frank Brown. Small Paintings by Nejad. Until February 6.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters of the 19th and 20th Centuries.

IRVING Galleries. Until Jan. 27. Paintings & Drawings, Dutch, English and French, 17 Irving St., Leicester Square.

INTERNATIONAL Sculpture Competition. Exhibition British Entries, New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Daily 10-6. Tues., Thurs. till 8 p.m.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

PENGUIN Book Exhibition at "Books & Careers," 485 Oxford St., W.1, open daily 9-5.30 (Sats. 9 to 1) until January 17. All Penguins, Pelicans and Puffins in print may be purchased. Admission free.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the Commonwealth: British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Daily (Sun exc.) 10-5. Free.

LEICESTER Galleries. The New Year Exhibition. Works by over 100 artists including Boudin, Dali, Epstein, Hitchens, Piper, Sickert, Sutherland, Tissot. Leicester Sq. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY College, London. Free public lectures on "Historians and History" on Thursdays at 5.15 p.m. in the Anatomy Theatre (Entrance Gower Street). Jan. 15. Robertson, "The Historian of America. Professor R. A. Humphreys. Jan. 22. Carlyle and the French Revolution, Dr. A. Cobban. Feb. 26.—Dickens and Victorian London, Mr. T. F. Reddaway. Complete list of public lectures (including lunch-hour lectures) from Publications Officer, University College, London, Gower Street, W.C.1. (Stamped envelope required.)

UNIVERSITY of London. A lecture on "The Future of Socialism" will be given by Professor J. Barents (Amsterdam) at 5 p.m. on January 15 at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St., Aldwych, W.C.2. Adm. free without ticket.

UNION Society of London. Debate with Oxford Union: "That the policy of the Western Powers is well designed to meet the challenge of Communism." Wed., Jan. 14, Common Room, Gray's Inn, 8 p.m. Entrance Holborn Gate. Visitors welcome.

MEETING to Oppose the Re-introduction of Corporal Punishment, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Thurs., Jan. 15 at 7.30. Speakers include Lord Chorley, Gerald Gardiner, Q.C., Cicely Craven, C. H. Rolph and R. S. W. Pollard. Org. by The Ethical Union.

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum. A Discussion on "The Deadlock in Korea" between Mr. Sydney Silverman, M.P. (Labour, Nelson & Colne) and Mr. Guy Eden (Political Correspondent, Sunday Dispatch), Thurs. Jan. 15, 7.30 at Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Pl., W.C.1. Vis. 3s. 6d. Hon. Sec. WEL. 0136.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. January 17, at 6 p.m. Dr. Heinz Beran: "Der blinde Rundfunk."

SOC. Zionist Party (Mapam), 37 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6. "Mapam & Israel's New Government," Y. Ellman, Wed., Jan. 14, 8.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., January 14, Robin Stratford: "Apartheid and the Constitutional Issues in South Africa," at St. Anne's House, 57 Dean Street, W.1, at 7.30 p.m. Visitors 2s.

NEW Europe Group: Three Lectures on John Cowper Powys by R. H. Ward. Chairman: Anthony Ludovici; Swedenborg Hall, Bloomsbury Sq., Thursdays, January 15, 22, 29, at 8 p.m.

NEW Soviet Colour Film, "Shevchenko" (Ukrainian poet and artist). Introductory talk by Brian Pearce. Discussion. Thurs., Jan. 15, at SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W.8, 7.30 p.m. Tkts. 2s. 6d. (SCR and students 2s.).

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Tues., Jan. 13, 8.30. Lecture: The Humour & Eroticism of Surrealism by Robert Melville (illustrated). Thurs., Jan. 15, 8.30. Lecture: Geology & Art, Jacquetta Hawkes. Sun., Jan. 18, 7.30. "The Coming of Age" play in verse by Patric Dickinson. Prod. Roy M. Walker. Cast includes Ursula Jeans and Roger Livesey. (Members & Guests.)

"THE Visit of Marshal Tito." Address by Rabbi Leslie I. Edgar, M.A., at Sunday Service, January 11, at 11.30, at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Grnd.). All welc.

HAMPSTEAD Artists Council. Dr. J. Hodin: "On meeting great artists (Picasso, Matisse, Chagall, Braque &c.)." Informal talk with illustns. Adm. free. 8 p.m., Wed., Jan. 14, Studio House, Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead.

"ISRAEL in World Politics." Speaker: The Ambassador of Israel, at the Royal Society of Arts, January 19, 6 p.m. First lecture in series "The State of Israel." Members free. Others 2s. Tickets from Anglo-Israel Association, 13 Mansfield Street, W.1.

HARRY Pollitt, The Dean of Canterbury and J. R. Campbell, Editor of the Daily Worker, speak at the great Daily Worker Demonstration at Harringay Arena on Sunday, Feb. 15, at 6.30 p.m. Send now for tkts., 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d., to "Demonstration," Daily Worker, 75 Farringdon Road, E.C.1.

VIENNA Peace Congress. Hampstead Delegate Mrs. Dora Russell, and Dr. E. Montuschi, will report at Hampstead Town Hall, Tues., Jan. 13, 8 p.m. Chairman: Rev. F. Hankinson. Questions and Discn. Org. by the Hampstead Sponsoring Cttee. Adm. 6d.

THE Friday Club meets wkly. at 4A Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2, at 7.45 p.m. Fri., Jan. 16, Mr. L. Rouse Jones will speak on "The Jurisdiction of Magistrates." Debates, talks, social evenings. 7s. 6d. per half-session. Apply Sec., Marjorie Kew, 5D Westbourne Gdns., W.2, or at any meeting.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ALL Nations Social Club. "The Middle East: The Sudan Speaks to People of All Nations," by R. C. Mayall. (P.R.O. to Sudanese Government). Thurs., Jan. 15, 8 p.m. Great Cumberland Hall, Beyswater St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Question Disc. Non-mems. 1s. 6d. at door.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assoc., Tues., Jan. 13. Mr. Isaiah Berlin, C.B.E., M.A., on "The Ends of Life." Arts Theatre Club, 5/6 Gt. Newport Street, W.C.2, at 8 p.m. Visitors 2s. Restricted accommodation.

HEAR Mr. Kingsley Martin on "Kenya." Holborn Hall, Grays Inn Road. Friday, Jan. 16, 7.30 p.m. Organised by League of Coloured Peoples. 3 Robert St., N.W.1.

VIENNA Peace Congress—British delegates' report. Friends House, Euston Rd., Thursday, January 15, 7 p.m. Chair: Gordon Schaffer. Speakers: Prof. J. D. Bernal, Dr. Monica Felton, Dr. J. Powell-Evans, Percy Belcher, Adm. Js, British Peace Committee, 81 City Rd., E.C.1.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Jan. 13. Launcelot L. Whyte, "A Scientific View of the Creative Imagination." Adm. free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. Friday, Jan. 9, L. Brown, "What would your Utopia be?"

FILMS for War and Peace. Vital Conference called by Film Panel Authors World Peace Appeal. Sun., Jan. 11, 10 a.m. 164 Shaftesbury Ave., W.C.2. Visitors 2s. 6d.

SISTER Nivedita (Miss Margaret Noble) Commemoration Meeting, organised by the Ramakrishna Vedanta Centre: Caxton Hall, nr. St. James's Park Tube Stn., Jan. 12, 7.30 p.m. Speakers: H.E. Mr. B. G. Kher, High Commissioner for India, Sir John Stewart-Wallace, C.B., Swami Ghanananda, Mr. Fenner Brockway, M.P., Mr. H. S. L. Polak. All welc.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10: (i) Meditation and Discourse at the Centre every Sun., 4.15 p.m. (ii) Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thurs., 7.30 p.m. Jan. 15: "Swami Vivekananda and His Message." Jan. 22: "Meditation in Sankhya and Yoga Systems."

MARY Saran: "Can Democracy survive?" Hampstead Ethical Society, 783 Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cinema, Golders Green. Sun., Jan. 11 at 7.45.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Thurs., Jan. 15, 6.30 p.m. Lec. in French by Mr. Paul Coremans, Dir. of Central Laboratory of Museums of Belgium. "L'Agneau Mystique au Laboratoire. Examen at Traitement." (Lantern Slides.) Free.

PROTEST against Anti-Semitism in Eastern Europe. Speakers: Dr. S. Levenberg, Z. Haring, Max Weiner. Chair: Dr. S. A. Miller. Wed., Jan. 14, 8 p.m. at the Anglo-Israeli Club, 43 Great Windmill St., W.1. Adm. free. All welcome. Arranged by Poale Zion, Y.P.Z. and Pioneer Women.

PERSONALIST Group. Robert G. Miles on "Dianetics," Conway Hall, Wed., January 14 at 7.30 p.m.

LUNCH Hour Talks, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Tuesdays at 1.10. January 13: "A Plea for a Universal Outlook."

H. J. Blackham: "Judging Others." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sunday, January 11, at 11 a.m.

HELSINKI Chess Tournament. Talk by Captain of British Olympic Team, H. Golombek. Chair: Prof. L. S. Penrose. Tues., Jan. 13, at SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W.8, 8 p.m. Tkts. 1s. 6d. (SCR and students 1s.).

MAJOR E. J. Langford Garstin, M.C., will speak on "The House of the Hidden Places." January 16, 8.15 p.m. All welcome. No collection. 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2 (nr. Leinster Terrace & Craven Rd.).

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Morning at 11 o'clock. Jan. 11. Dr. Helen Rosenau, "What is Truth?" Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

GREAT Men and Women Remembered. 8 public lectures, Tues., 6.30, beginning Jan. 20. Lecturers include: Dr. R. Vaughan Williams (Holst), Mrs. A. Blanco White (The Early Fabians), David Garnett (D. H. Lawrence), Mrs. Angela Thirkell (Kipling), Mrs. Cecil Chesterton (G. K. Chesterton and His Circle), Mrs. Mary Stocks (Eleanor Rathbone and Eva Hubback), Harcourt Williams (Lilian Baylis), Francis Williams (Ernest Bevin). Course ticket 7s. 6d.; single lectures 2s. 6d. Details from Sec., Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.1. WAT. 6872.

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Jan. 23-25: Square Dancing & its Tradition. Jan. 30-Feb. 1: Great Ideas. Feb. 6-8: National Language & International Language. Feb. 13-15: Getting One's Own Way. Details of these week-end activities from Secy.

CORONATION Year students joining the Langham Secretarial College before Summer Term will receive an extra month's tuition free of charge for tours and background lectures. Enrol now. Vacancies limited. Prospectus: Principal, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. (MAY. 2904.)

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of two lectures on "The Early Codex: the Beginning of the Book" will be delivered by C. H. Roberts (Oxford) at 5.30 p.m. on January 15 and 22 at University College (Chemistry Lecture Theatre), Gower Street, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

LONDON School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applications are invited from experienced social workers for places in the Mental Health Course, a one-year full-time Course commencing October, 1953. Grants are available for suitable applicants. This training qualifies for psychiatric social work in Child Guidance and Mental Health Services in general. Candidates must hold a Degree or Certificate in the Social Sciences, and have had practical training and full-time employment in social work. The minimum age for acceptance is 22 years, but preference is given to those between 24 and 35. Applications should be made as soon as possible and not later than March 31, 1953 (January 31, 1953, for overseas applicants). Further particulars from the Tutor, Mental Health Course, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St., W.C.2.

"STALIN'S Global Strategy"—lecture by Dr. C. A. Smith, M.A., Room 15, Friends House, Euston Road, 7.30 p.m., Tuesday, January 13. First of 12 weekly lectures in training course on Communism. Special coaching for speakers. Single lecture, 2s. Course, 18s. Rebates of 4s. for Trades Unionists. 5s. for members of Common Cause.

BECOME Your Own Economist! Free ten-week courses in Basic Economics and Social Philosophy. Separate classes three times weekly beginning Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, January 20, 21, 22, at Westminster, 7 to 9 p.m. Write for prospectus to the Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith Street, S.W.1, or telephone ABBey 6665. Classes also being held in Enfield, Croydon, Ilford, Hornsey and Chingford areas. Write for full parties, stating area concerned.

CITY of Portsmouth Training College. One Year Course for Mature Students leading to qualified status. Students must possess some special gift, experience or qualification valuable enough to justify a shortened course. For particulars apply to the Principal.

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